

THE UNIVERSE

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Written for The Universe.

THE ANGEL IN MY HOUSE.

BY EDITH ADAIR.

Dark-eyed Angel, in the doorway
Of my low and humble cot,
Cheering by thy loving presence
This, of earth, the dearest spot—

Dost thou mourn that thou didst wander
By my lone and cheerless way,

Bringing all the wondrous halo
That around thy soul did play?

Like the mellow, shadowy gleaming,
Of the moonless, midnight skies,
Is the starry glory beaming
In the heaven of thine eyes;

And upon thy breast reclining,
All the Heaven I ask, I know,
Whilst the safty stars are shining,
And the night-winds whisper low.

Stay beside me, gentle Angel;
Keep the sunlight in our home;
Do not leave me in the gloaming
Of this earthly life alone;

Lead me by thy loving kindness,
Through the meadows calm and still,
To the fair, and fauldest bower,
On the green, eternal hill.

Oh, beside the jeweled fountains,
'Neath the palm trees tall and fair,
On the golden-gated mountains—
Wilt thou be my Angel there?

Written for The Universe.

WAIF.

BY G. F. GILBERT.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER II.

Daddy, good as his word, with fatherly anxiety, for his adopted, set to work, forthwith, to procure some employment suited to him, by which he could earn an honest livelihood. He tried him first at his own calling, but Sammy, lacking natural quickness, and finding it hard to fall in with Yankee ways, manifested a grievous inaptitude for the trade, that mortified himself, and disappointed his patron. He carefully formed himself, poor child, on the model of the successful Daddy; he learned, even, to imitate his cry, and did what he saw him do, with scrupulous exactness. He worked as hard, or harder than any of the craft, and did his best, but some way, he could not sell his papers.

Daddy kept an eye upon him. "He isn't used to Yankee ways, you know," he said to himself in encouraging self-communing.

"These foreign Jakes, are slow, but just give him time, and he'll work in all right." But Daddy's usually shrewd foresight was in fault, for once; he gave him time, and he didn't "work in."

One day, when Daddy had sold nearly all his papers, and Sammy, the luckless, more luckless than usual, had hardly begun on his, and was standing on a corner, at a pause between cries, looking disconsolately up the street, he spied a gentleman sauntering toward him. He was in no hurry, and was slow enough for even Sammy. It was a rare chance for the boy; he ran forward a few steps, and bawled as Daddy might, at his best, "Morning paper, Sir?"

By some miraculous interference, the gentleman had escaped other newsboys. He took the offered paper, and fumbling in his pocket for the change, gave it to him, and sauntered on. Felicitating himself upon the conquest, Sammy smoothed out the crumpled bit of paper, and found instead of five cents, twenty-five. For the first instant, he looked upon it as a godsend, and hailed it with a perfect thrill of delight. But the pause of indecision was but momentary; mentally resigning it, with a sigh, he started at a run, after the loiterer, already disappearing in the crowd, and came up to him, panting, "If you please, Sir, it's a quarter." The gentleman turned, amused and smiling, but he changed the sum for all his pleasant look, and gave what he had first intended.

"Hallo! Sammy, What's up?" Daddy's hand was on his arm, and his keen eyes, that had viewed the transaction from afar, shrewdly guessing its meaning, looked to the utmost his disapproval.

Sammy uncheered by his integrity viewed the bit of change disconsolately as he told him. Daddy's patience, worn little by trial, gave way suddenly.

"You little blundering fool!" he said.

"Why?" said Sammy, opening his blue eyes wide in innocent amazement.

He really seemed so anxious to know, and looked as if he would be so grateful for information, that the boy's vexation was lost in merriment; he fell into such a prolonged fit of laughter, that Sammy, red and mortified, thought he would never leave off.

"Sammy," he said, wiping his eyes, "I can trust you the more; I like you the better for it, but it won't do." Sammy was dumb, but looked inquiring.

"Now, look here," said Daddy, donning a wise and fatherly air, and trying to make it clearer; "it would be good move, a game move, if he was a regular, but he's only a transient, you see." Sammy who did not exactly see, said "Yes" vaguely.

"Sammy," said the boy making another effort to enlighten him, "if he was one of them kind who go up and down these streets, everyday of their lives, and will go up and down for years, that ere twenty cents you give away, would be a good investment; he'd just kind of cuddle up, and buy of you always; but it's lost," said Daddy, with a tragic wave of the hand, "on one of them 're roving coves, who is here to day, and somewhere else to-morrow."

"It's better to be honest, than even to have money," said poor, abashed Sammy, taking disconsolate refuge on moral ground.

"Sammy," said Daddy, in whole-souled approval, "in a general way, you're right; but we poor coves must live; and if we ain't sharp enough to look out for number one, you see,

we are obliged to suffer it out, for there's no number two to look out for us. This 'ere transaction of yours is all very nice and gentlemanly, and the right way, by George, for one in a big line of business, that can afford that sort of thing; but we can't; and I'm afraid, Sonny," concluded Daddy, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I'm really afraid that you are only smart enough for Geenty."

To be only smart enough to cope with those in a social scale so far above him, was to lack all the essential qualities calculated to win success in the kind of life fate had thrust upon him. Sammy, buried in thought, disconsolately brooding on it, lost a customer, which the vigilant Daddy picked up farther down the street.

That night, going home, Daddy scratched his head, and looked dubiously at his adopted. "Sonny," he said, "I don't know what to do with you; you're not sharp enough, and loud enough for papers; and I'm afraid you ain't exactly fitted for anything in our line. Now, this er'e is just where it is, I'll be blown, if I know what to do with you!"

"Could he scratch up anything new," pursued Daddy, taking counsel with himself, with gaze abstractedly fixed on Sammy; "a running of errands?"

Daddy shook his head; "he'd get cheated, everytime; not sassy enough to stand up for his rights, and not spry enough at picking up pennies, to make anything on't," he said, answering his own question. "Small porter? No, he'd be banged about by the big one, and I couldn't stand that, no how." Thus Daddy went on with the pro's and con's of every humble occupation, eligible to Sammy, that he could think of, and rejecting them all in turn, fell into a perplexed mental state, from which, having found the thing he had been seeking, he emerged with a laugh.

"I have it, Sonny, I have it, old boy," he cried, slapping Sammy on the back gleefully, "You're to sell oranges and lemons, — things of that sort; you're to keep a fruit-stand near the Depot's where people are a-going and a-coming. That's your regular line. You see, Sonny, it's just the thing, because you've got gaining ways with you, when you don't have to be too spry, and get so illustrated that you can't show 'em. Them er'e red cheeks, and that curly hair of yours, will just take the eye of them er'e traveling ladies, wat's allers on the go, and allers has lashings of the needful. They naterly sort of stop to look, you see, and you'd offer 'em an orange, or whatever, and they'll take it, of course, and there's your chance without any illustration." And in the joy of his discovery, Daddy did, what very seldom allowed himself to do, he laughed aloud.

Chancing to look up a side-street, while Daddy was in the midst of his merriment, Sammy's eye was caught by a drunken creature who was coming down it; a miserable, disgusting, driveling woman, with dirty dress, in tatters, and a wreck of a bonnet, held only by the strings, blown from her head. Pausing to steady herself, now and then, and coming on again, she was nearing them as fast as her unequal pace would allow. Seeing she was noticed, after a little, she brushed back the long, thick hair, which the wind was blowing about her face, and signed to Sammy to be silent, while she made mauldin, face-tious attempts to steal upon Daddy unawares.

"Daddy," he said, "I'll stand by you, as long as I have a leg left to stand upon. She may pound me to jelly, and I'll never tell."

Poor Daddy's fears were well founded; the miserable creature was evidently on their track. They spied her afterward, away up the street near the spot of their recent encounter, peering cunningly up and down all the contiguous ones; then, they beheld her in the vicinity, where she had caught a later, hasty glimpse of the pursued — weary with the chase, dozing on a door-step, overcome by mauldin slumbers; or, they saw her retreating dress, and wreck of a bonnet, providentially turning a corner, as they came out upon a street. But wherever or however they viewed her, they never failed, at the very first glimpse, to take to their heels, and run like Indians — not toward their home, but exactly in an opposite direction. They had a very decided advantage of her in one respect; she was, for the most part, in a half-drunk state. Moreover, a certain natural quickness and shrewdness, long practice in eel-like evasions, aided poor Daddy. She seldom caught a glimpse of him. But Sammy, more deliberate in his movements, and slower in his perceptions, without the benefit of a baleful course of instruction in such sharp practice, after a few false moves, and some discouraging failures, she managed to keep in view, from a distance, and she followed his track persistently.

One day, he was standing by his fruit-stand — in which business Daddy had lost no time in installing him. It was warm, and juicy fruits were grateful to heated travelers, so he had had a marvelous run of luck. His first supply being exhausted, he had purchased a fresh one, and had just spread it out, invitingly, to catch the eye, of thirsty comers by the next train, when he was startled by the stealthy, shuffling tread of some one stealing up behind him. Before he could recover himself sufficiently to turn, a hot breath was on his neck, a hand, heavy, but tremulous, on his arm; and the miserable creature, from whom Daddy and himself had been running, for the past few days, stood before him. She was partially sobered, but in worse plight than usual, having slept off her potions in a gutter.

Daddy compressed his lips, and his eyes gleamed; "No," he said, "she's a devil!"

Poor Sammy, after that fearful answer, had no voice or breath for another word; his knees, which had been weak before, now smote together as Belshazzar's.

After watching and listening in a breathless pause of dread, and making sure there was no one near them, Daddy ascended the stairs hurriedly, but with stealthy steps, dragging Sammy after him. So great was his fear of the dreaded creature, that starting and trembling at every sound, he crept on at a quick, frightened pace, shrinking from the wall, as if he half-expected she was in hiding in some nook or niche of it, and stepping out, would lay hold upon them in the gloom. But Sammy, growing whiter than he had been yet, if that were possible, shrank from her touch.

"She's scared by my very looks; she shrinks from me!" They all do that; nobody can bear to have me touch them, or to come near me," she said, in a wretched whimper, sitting down on an empty cask, and swaying to and fro. "And it's all along of my misfortunes, and my poor clothes;" and moaning and rocking she glanced down upon her dirty rags.

"Because, you see, the last time she caught me, she broke my arm; and I lay in the hospital for weeks; and she swears if she catches me again, that she'll break my head; and Sonny," said Daddy, sinking his voice to a frightened whisper, and wiping the sweat from his pallid brow, "She'd do it!"

"Then it is her, that you have been running away from," said Sammy, feeling a great weight lifted, as the truth dawned upon him, "and not the — not anybody else?"

"She's the only one that's been a chasing of me; but she's so sharp, and quick, and

knowing, that it's on common like being chased by a hundred," returned Daddy, dejectedly.

"You never wronged her, in any way?" queried Sammy, brightening as Daddy's fair face began to clear. "You never did!" — blushing and hesitating, failing in hard to put it as delicately as he wished "take from her, and only son, who would give her both, if she could find him. I want to go and be alongside him, and he like a human critter; I want to be alongside him, because I love him, sonny, only, just because I love him."

She shot a correct, caressing, evil look at the boy, which seemed to express quite a different reason. To see the miserable mother simulating an affection long since dead; to see her love for drink, so much stronger than love for her child, that she tried to act one, to gain the other! Sammy could find no words to answer, and could only stare at her, in a horrified way.

"Sonny," pursued the bag, drying her mandarin tears, on her rags of bonnet strings; "Pretty boy! good boy! you wouldn't grudge to help a poor woman, if you could, by saying a word or two; now, where would ye?" The one that ran away from me, when I first came upon you, sonny, what is his name?"

"I don't know his name," said Sammy, "and he didn't run away from you; he never saw you." The white, determined face, ingeniously enough to betray the deceit, turned sturdily upon her.

"You're lying to me!" she cried, with rising passion.

"I ain't" said Sammy, gallantly maintaining the same determined front.

"Don't you think it odd," pursued the creature, in ironical disdain, at his feeble effort at deception, "that he should run from one he never seen, or known about? now, don't you think it uncommon odd, sonny?"

The shrewd, cunning look with which she said it; the malicious leer on the half-drunk face, was dreadful to behold.

"You been a listening to the lies of my unnatural chid agin me; I wasn't sure of it afore, but I am now; you've been a listening to his lies, you have; but you have gained nothing by your own, young Mister! I'll keep ye both a dodging and a running, and a shifting here and there, as I've kept him, for many a year; miyd ye that!" bouncing toward him, and shaking her fist in his face, "I'll follow ye both till ye are weary!"

"Go away said Sammy," "Go away, or I'll call the police."

"Do you dare to threaten me with beats?" shrieked the now thoroughly enraged creature; "you little, thief of the world!" And seizing him by the arm, she dealt hasty blows upon his shrinking head. Sammy made no outcry, but the strong arm of the Law fortunately intercepted her in the midst of her frenzy.

"At your old tricks again," a policeman said, as he snatched her from the pallid boy, who had crouched by the side of his overturned stand; and amid her frantic cries he bare her away, to the infinite relief of Sammy who, nevertheless, could not forbear tears at sight of the havoc done to his fruits.

a weary day, I've tried to get speech of ye: and it's your own fault that I right ye, by coming upon the sly. I'm an unfriendly critter who hasn't any clothes. I'm a poor mother, sonny, who, without a shelter for her head, is a searching and a pining for her lost and only son, who would give her both, if she could find him. I want to go and be alongside him, and he like a human critter; I want to be alongside him, because I love him, sonny, only, just because I love him."

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"Sonny," said Daddy, pausing in the midst of an Indian jig; "She shall come. Money will bring her, and we can earn it, you and I."

"I'm afraid," hinted Sammy, meekly, that she'll be again before we have a chance to earn it."

"We'll make sure of her time," replied Daddy, "and earn what we can, and I know a cove, what heired something handsome, a spell ago, who will lend me what we want, and wait for the pay; I've arranged it all, Sonny, never fear." He spoke encouragingly; but Sammy's reference to his mother, had stopped him in the midst of his jig.

"Sonny," he said, looking proudly about him, as he picked up his pipe, and settled back in his chair again, "that ar mother of yours, I take it, would make a home out of a mud hut; she'll make a palace out of this er'e furnished apartment." Homely praise, it was, but what true woman could ask for higher? Sammy's eyes shone; but with this tribute to her worth, Daddy's brief glow of joy, that had begun to wane already, died out altogether. His life had been too sad, for such feelings to have more than momentary sway; smoking, he brooded and saddened as was his wont.

"There are reasons aint the only ones, why I want her to come, Sonny," resumed Daddy, after a thoughtful pause; "why I'd work my fingers to the bones, if need be, to get her here, is for better reasons than that. As I said afore, I never had a home or mother worth mentioning; and I thought if it wasn't too late, and I wasn't too set in the ways that have been forced upon me, that I'd like to be brought up in the ways of them as bad; I want to have her teach me something;" he pursued with wistful sadness. "I'd like to have her educate on me, if she would be so kind. I know I'm but a rough cub, with only a heart in the right place, and everything wrong about me; I would please at first, may be; I'm not exactly what ones means when they say 'taking' but, I've thought that—that, perhaps, Sonny, she'd take to me a little, because—I took to you."

His sad, distrustful aspect, his tremulous trust in her, was piteous to behold. Sammy's ardent protest, his glowing assurances on her behalf of motherly interest and affection, softened, but did not dispel his sadness. The little fellow, having smoked his pipe out, crept to bed w a sigh.

The work they agreed to do, that night, was set about immediately. Daddy, as a preliminary measure, found out, or thought he did, the exact term of his mother's imprisonment, and portioned out the time; so long for them to get the money; so many days for the money to get to her, and so many for her to come.

Weeks went by. The work meanwhile, being prosecuted with vigor, the small sum that had, at first, gladdened their eyes as the nucleus of their great undertaking, under Daddy's skillful management was rounding and filling out, rapidly growing into the goodly proportions of the sum they needed. It was not merely the gains from the usual business of the day, that was devoted to the purpose; they denied themselves all the little comforts they had grown into the way of having since they had been together, and saved the small amount; Daddy sold some of his Law fortunately intercepted her in the midst of her frenzy.

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CHAPTER III.

The two boys sat together one evening, soon after the event narrated in the last chapter, talking over the master and trying to find some gleam of consolation in the fact that they were secure for a season, at least, from any further attack from their persecutor. But Daddy looked forward dubiously to the trouble that might be in store for them.

"While she's in the lock up," he said "she'll be a thinking, and a planning, how she can revenge herself; she'll hit the nail on the head — she always does — and we'll catch it when she gets out again."

At this dolorous prospect, poor Sammy's round face grew almost as long as Daddy's thin-visaged one, and he tremulously inquired, whether Daddy's prolific mind had generated a plan that promised hope and protection for them.

"I have been thinking these three days," replied Daddy, wearily passing his hand over his brow. "I've been a thinking, till my head was fit to split, of ways and means to circumvent her; and I've hit on a plan, that'll do it, leastways, that I think will do it. When she gets out, and tracks us here, as she is sure to do, sooner or later, dodge as we may — if she should come some day, and creep in on the sly, and see a man sitting here and a sewing, don't you think, Sonny, that

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1866.

Written for The Universe.

JOY, JOY, JOY!

BY MRS. C.

[Air, "Tramp, tramp, tramp"]

I.

Here within the twilight gray,
We are waiting for a ray;
From the happy ones we loved in the days of yore;
And we feel that they are here,
With some kindly word of cheer,
Brought unto us from that peaceful happy shore.
(Chorus):
Joy, joy, joy! the love are coming,
Angel-hands are with us here;
And within each happy home,
We will greet them as they come;
For they bring us words of heavenly hope and cheer.

II.

Darkness will be void of fear,
If we feel that they are near;
And we never more can falter on the way;
For they give us faith and love,
To sustain us as we move.
And we know, with us, they evermore will stay.

(Chorus):
Joy, joy, joy, etc.

III.

Then we'll calmly labor on,
Till our earthly work is done,
And our future — we will leave it with the Lord;
For if we but faithful prove
As the stewards of His love,
We are certain of a sweet and blest reward.

(Chorus):
Joy, joy, joy, etc.

BEHIND A SOFA.

I like to creep away into corners and hide myself with the fold of a curtain, or half-open door, or behind one of the great painted fire-screens, or in the shadow of the tallest furniture. There I have odd little fancies all to myself, and wish things and dream things which nobody knows anything about. For I am different from all the rest; my parents are tall and handsome, and Louise is the prettiest girl I ever saw. Then, my brother Harry, who was killed in the Indian mutiny, was like a prince in a fairy story, so brave and beautiful. But I am small and feeble. I cannot run or wrestle, and there is something growing on my shoulders which keeps me from standing straight, and they call me deformed. I shall never grow any more; strangers think me nine or ten years old, but when I count the years from the date in the family Bible, I find I am sixteen. People always speak kindly to me, with a great pity in their eyes, and once in a while I pity myself, but not often. I like to be this queer little figure. Louise is like the lovely ladies in legends and ballads, and I am like the imps and dwarfs; when I read about them I look at myself in the mirror, and make grimaces, and whirl over on one hand and then on the other, till Louise looks distressed and begs me to stop. Being what I am, of course I don't often go anywhere, except in Summer when we leave town; and nobody makes me do anything; so I roam all over the house, and read, and lie with my eyes shut for day-dreams, and am merry and happy almost all the time. I wish I was only six inches high, what fun I would have in the world! Then when we are in the country I could ride on the birds' backs, and down in the woods I could sit astride of the great lush toad stools, and drink from acorn-cups — or by the sea shore, I fancy I could launch a nautilus and sail away like any grim little sprite. However, to be four feet high has its advantages.

When Harry was wounded, and lay in the hospital, knowing he must die, he wrote a long letter to my father and mother, full of grief, and comfort, too; and then he told them a thing which surprised them greatly: How he was engaged to marry a girl in a town in which they had been quartered. How sweet and lovely she was, and how desolate she would be now; and he wanted them to send for her, and to love her like a daughter. I clapped my hands at that. I like to have people do things to interest me; and the idea of poor Harry having fallen in love! For I know very well what love is; I have read the "Fair Queen" all through, and a great many romances. And some time ago I began a sly watch over Louise, on account of a certain Phillip Rayburn coming to the house very often.

But about Harry's lady-love. My mother does not like strangers very well, but for Harry's sake made a difference, and my father urged the plan. As for Louise, it seemed as if she could not be eager enough for the coming of this Miss Emily Grey; she was so determined to cherish and love her. For my part, as home is all the real world there is for me, I like to have as many characters in it as possible. So, when we heard that Emily Grey was coming to England, we invited her to stay with us.

She would not come at once. She was timid, it seemed; or perhaps, Harry being dead, she would rather have avoided his household. But Louise pleaded with her, and wrote her a great many loving letters, and at last Emily came.

Emily came. That first evening when they brought her into the parlor, I was lying under the table with my head on a hassock, thinking about the Old Man of the Sea in the "Arabian Nights," and wishing I had been one of the genii of those days. But when Emily entered, I forgot everything else, and peered out from under the table-cover at her.

What a dainty little lady she was! so pale and slight, she made me think of frail, fluttering, yellow butterflies; partly, I suppose, because of her yellow curls, which fell all over her shoulders when Louise took away her hat and shawl. Her eyes were wide, and pale and blue, her cheeks were colourless, and she had a frightened, deprecating way of looking up, even after my stately mamma had embraced her. But Louise kept about her, and cheered her, and talked to her, till she began to look brighter. Louise was so different, such a darling "nut-brown mayde," with honest dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and lips always ready to smile. Louise is my beauty.

My father and mother went out for a while, and Louise still talked to her guest, while I lay very contentedly on the floor, all curled up just where I could see all that passed, without turning my head. Louise went to an *espresso* at the other end of the room to get a little picture of Harry, and I idly kept watch of Emily. That moment she interested me;

she had a low hum of voices in the kitchen below; so disappointed in my mirage-seeking, I thought I would slip down stairs and see what was going on solate. The butler, the cook, and the chambermaid each stood, candle in hand, lingering over some dispute.

"Well, leastways," said the butler, "Miss Emily have a very sweet manner, and that's all I know."

"She has her own way, that's what she have!" said the cook.

"Hum!" interrupted Kitty, "she makes cold chill run over me. She's winding 'em all about her two little fingers, and she has the evil eye for certain. Mind you, she brings no good!"

Next morning, as I met Emily on the staircase, I stopped her and looked straight up at her face.

"What's the matter now, Charlie?" she asked, with a toss of her yellow curls.

"I want to see your eyes; please look at me."

"What for?" she demanded, without meeting my glance.

"Kitty says you have the evil eye for cer-

tain. What does she mean, Emily? I asked, mischievously.

"I should think, Charlie, you might know by this time that what servants mean is not of the slightest importance." And she moved haughtily by me.

A week after Kitty was dismissed. Louise pleaded for her in vain. She had lived with us for six years, and I asked my mother what fault she had committed.

"Emily has discovered her in some dishonesty," mother said, quietly. "I don't know what I should do without Emily."

"Oh!" she whispered, "such a dreadful face peered at me from under the table! There it is again!" And she shuddered.

"Charles!" exclaimed Louise, looking around, "come out, you naughty boy, and speak to Miss Grey. It's only my brother Charlie, our pet. He is full of freaks. One never knows where he is."

Emily Grey looked at me like the saddest and sweetest little creature that ever lived, as I went up to her; and she reached out her small white hand to me, and said, in a low, musical voice: "So this is dear Charlie. I have heard of him. We will be friends, won't we?"

"Will you tell me stories?" I asked. She laughed merrily.

"Yes; heaps of them, child."

"Did you love Harry?" I asked again.

She shivered at that, and looked imploringly at Louise.

"Charlie, you are unkind," said Louise reproachfully.

"Well, then, I won't ask her if she loved Harry. I'll go off and read my book of hob-goblins."

"Oh, no! don't be vexed, Charlie," said Emily with great sweetness. "Stay by me, and I will tell you a story." So I stopped, and she told me a senseless story of two girls who went to school. When I saw it wasn't going to amount to anything, I started to leave her.

"I don't like that," I said. "I like witch stories."

"Ah!" she replied, smiling, "perhaps this will be better?" And then she told me a story of an old witch who had a throne down in the slime of the sea, with a string of bones around her neck, and a toad perched on each shoulder. And this witch bought souls, and gave people power over hearts in exchange.

"That was a good story!" I said, at the end.

"And now, dear Charlie, go to bed," Louise directed. So I kissed my pretty sister's hand and glided off.

Emily very soon learned to be perfectly at home with us. She seemed to wind herself about the hearts of my father and mother, and as for Louise — Louise would have walked over burning ploughshares to do her service. I liked her about half the time, and the other half felt like teasing her. She would grow so white and terrified when I sprang out at her from behind curtains and doors. More than ever I wished that I had a fairy power, to change myself into all sorts of shapes — a tiny flea to hop into her ear, a yellow snake to twine myself with her curly hair, a mouse to run over her pillow, or an elf in her desk to open her letters! She was such an absurd coward. But being four feet high and not a fairy, I could only find my wicked pleasure in annoying her by constant surveillance and sudden starts. She seemed afraid to be angry with me, and never exposed me. Perhaps her conscience made her uneasy, for my dear, innocent-hearted Louise never was startled or terrified by her dwarf Charlie's tricks.

One day I heard her say to Emily: "You must see him when he comes this afternoon. I cannot. And oh, make him understand that I never could have written those dreadful letters; and tell him that I cannot see him till he has faith in me again. It would break my heart to see distrust in his eyes. Oh, Emily!" And my bonnie Louise bowed her head, and wept.

"She shall not make a nun of herself," exclaimed my father.

"My heart will be in mourning all the time," she whispered to Louise; and Louise kissed her.

Spring came, and our mother commenced house-cleaning on a grand scale; every room was visited, scoured and painted, and the furniture re-arranged. How she made the servants fly about! Every one wished it well at an end; every one but I; I found too much fun in it. I rolled over on mattresses; made nests to curl myself up in among heaps of blankets; revelled in hidden relics, brought to light; perched myself on cupboard shelves; read "Gulliver's Travels" undisturbed in the pantry by a jar of sweetmeats; and a dozen times nearly tripped up our portly butler as he was carrying loaded trays up the stairs. When the raid extended to the sitting-rooms I found unanticipated pleasure. The statuettes of bronze and marble had always looked at each other so unmoved from their different corners, that it provoked me. I had read somewhere in a German story of a shepherdess and a chimney-sweep made love to each other when no one was in the room, and finally ran off together. I was always hoping something of the kind might happen in our art collection; and now, when all the casts and figures were set down in a crowd on the great centre-table, it really seemed as if they could not keep silence. At night, when every one had gone to their rooms, a whim seized me to creep softly downstairs, and peep into the drawing-room to see what was going on among the bronzes and marbles. The moonlight lay across the table, and Psyche unchanged never breathed or moved, though a bronze Pan made mute music of his pipes before her, as motionless as she. Faust did not kiss Marguerite; and Mercury, poised on one toe, did not catch at the chance to substitute the other foot. Altogether the assemblage was a failure. Have the fairies there never yet crossed the ocean from Germany?

"Miss Grey," said Phillip, sternly, "your affection must not mislead you. The letters were sent from this house, and the writing is undoubtedly that of Louise. She is afraid to meet the one she has so deceived and injured. Do not let your kind heart excuse her too far, Miss Grey!"

Emily's voice trembled as she replied: "Oh, Mr. Rayburn, I cannot bear it! To deceive you — you who are so true and noble! She could not, indeed she could not!"

Of course my mother interrupted her with an assurance that she should not think of letting her go. A little after I asked, just to see what she would say: "Will you buy me a little ivory skull this afternoon, Emily, if I give you the money? There's a man down an alley four streets off, who carves such things!"

"I'm not going out, Charlie," she answered shortly.

"I suppose, then, we shall not see you any more?" inquired Emily plaintively. How I hated that false, plaintive murmur!

"Hardly again," he said, gloomily. "And yet, Emily, I shall not wish to lose your friendship. In ten days I will call and inquire for you, and give into your hands the letters which I have received from Louise, and you can return them to her."

Then he went. As the street-door closed after him, Emily threw herself down upon the sofa, and with her face in the pillows, muttered very low: "I love him, and I shall win him now. And yet, and yet, his heart will never be really mine. Oh, cruel fate! Why was Louise ever born to spoil the only love I care for?"

And she writhed there upon the sofa in her malice, till she seemed to me like some creature of olden time possessed by a demon with it, which raved and tore. I lay hidden in my corner, thinking deeply, with a volume pressed to my cheek.

"Well, leastways," said the butler, "Miss Emily have a very sweet manner, and that's all I know."

"She has her own way, that's what she have!" said the cook.

"Hum!" interrupted Kitty, "she makes cold chill run over me. She's winding 'em all about her two little fingers, and she has the evil eye for certain. Mind you, she brings no good!"

Next morning, as I met Emily on the staircase, I stopped her and looked straight up at her face.

"What's the matter now, Charlie?" she asked, with a toss of her yellow curls.

"I want to see your eyes; please look at me."

"What for?" she demanded, without meeting my glance.

"Kitty says you have the evil eye for cer-

tain. What does she mean, Emily? I asked, mischievously.

"I should think, Charlie, you might know by this time that what servants mean is not of the slightest importance." And she moved haughtily by me.

A week after Kitty was dismissed. Louise pleaded for her in vain. She had lived with us for six years, and I asked my mother what fault she had committed.

"Emily has discovered her in some dishonesty," mother said, quietly. "I don't know what I should do without Emily."

"Do not marry me only from pique!" said Emily, with a touch of sadness which was real, I think.

"I simply ask you, Will you marry me, Emily?" was all his answer; and Emily said "Yes," without hesitation.

I did not want to come out and denounce them then and there; I had a better plan.

So Phillip went at last, no wiser than he came,

and Emily fled to her room, full of her plots,

whilst I climbed up out of my ambush, and lay down, as any one else might, on the sofa,

thinking my own thoughts. I wanted those letters now, quick too — how could I secure them? I could think of no opportunity till tea-time, unless fortune favored. Fortune did favor about half an hour after; for a young lady in silk and velvet came to call on Miss Grey. As the servant hesitated, not having received instructions, I called out from the drawing-room: "Emily is at home; she is in my room." The young lady swept in and took a seat.

In high glee I went up to Emily's room and rapped on the door.

"Emily, there's Flora McFlimsey down in the drawing-room to see you!"

"Tell her I'm not at home, Charlie."

"Oh, but I can't, Emily; I have already told her you were up-stairs, and I would call you."

"Then I suppose I must go down!" she said, in a tone of vexation, and came out, carefully closing and locking her door after her. So much the better! I knew another way to reach her room — by going through my mother's; and my mother had gone herself for her violet silk, so there was no danger of being waylaid. This plan succeeded, and I stepped boldly into the pretty chamber, where a subtle perfume of heliotrope pervaded the air. Emily had laid out all her dresses on the bed, and her trunk was open. I wondered if she would have the effrontery to send for it some time. But my business was with letters, not dresses; so I sought the little desk-table; the true key was in the lock this time, and in a moment I possessed myself of the fatal documents. How fortunate that Flora came just at that time, for it might be that Emily was about unlocking that desk to destroy the papers. My heart beat fast with excitement as I left the room again, by the same way that I entered, and hastened to my own little den, a flight above, bolting my door after me.

Then I sat down and wrote a letter to Phillip Rayburn, telling him all I had heard,

and all I had done, enclosing the sheets of paper as proofs. I felt very manly at last, so I made me smile to be able to write that I expected him to apologise fully to Louise, and after that never to darken our doors again. I finished the letter, sealed it, coaxed the butler to deliver it at once into Mr. Rayburn's hands, and had ten minutes to compose myself before Emily politely attended her visitor to the door. Then she flew up to her room again.

My spirits ran so high, I could hardly keep

from shouting aloud. I found Louise sitting

lonely in her chamber, like "Marianna in the moated grange," and I kissed her hand again and again, telling her I would set everything right, while she looked at me half-frightened, and wholly puzzled. Then I mimicked an Indian war-whoop at Emily's key-hole, and as it grew darker lay in wait for her behind an open door, and sprang out at her when at last I heard her gliding step. I like to see her shrink and shudder. At tea she was pale and thoughtful — while my father and mother, and Louise, grew kinder than ever, heaping her plate with delicacies, and delighting to pet her. But I took no trouble to pass her anything but strawberry jam, which I knew she hated.

The night was clear — there were stars in

the heavens. After tea we all went into the parlor; Emily played, and sang, and chatted with now and then a restless glance at the clock on the mantel-piece. At ten, she said

she would retire, and bade us all "good-night."

That was the signal for a general departing,

and before long I was going upstairs noiselessly.

so that Emily might hear me and think all

were out of her way at last. But no sooner

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 20, 1869.

Written for *The Universe*.
"NO MORE METAPHYSICS!"

BY DYER D. LUM.

The human mind—the nature of thought—the source of consciousness—have ever been prolific themes for speculation, from the earliest ages of the historic period. The nature, origin and destiny of the soul, have given material for all religious speculations and philosophical systems. The ancient sages of India, the dreamy enthusiasts of China, the worshipers of Osiris, Mithras and Zeus, all found this subject an inexhaustible fund, from which they could derive their various theories of the purpose of life. And the subject is still an absorbing one. Plato and Hegel, Locke and Cousin, Comte and Hamilton, have not spoken in vain; for their works will ever be of value. Not that they have discovered the nature of mind, or laid open its secret springs, but because we see in their works the genuine utterances of the inner man, the sincere and direct revelations of the power and genius of the human intellect.

Materialists are unanimous in assuring us that the time has come for discarding metaphysical speculation as a means of resolving the problem of mind. And is it not so? The Puranas, the Shasters, the reveries of Plato, and the innumerable metaphysical productions from Descartes to Hamilton, have failed to bring out any practical result. Have any or all of their researches "into the depths of their consciousness" strengthened the faith of men in God and Immortality?

I remember, some years since, meeting with a little work published in England by the Secularists, in which the existence of God was shown to be without evidence, by carefully arranged extracts from Paley, Kant, Chalmers, and others. One showed the weakness of the *a priori* argument; another demolished the *a posteriori* evidences; from another came fierce onslaught on the ontological method, and so of all other "demonstrations." Like the fabled cats of Kilkeeney, each destroyed the other.

Metaphysicians have failed because their investigations have proceeded from an erroneous stand-point. Conceiving mind, as all in all, they gradually learned to despise material phenomena. Matter and mind became two opposing, contradictory elements. The Gnostics saw the origin of evil in the creation of matter. They have sought to discover its hidden springs, by introspection, by reflection. Whatever pure thought is capable of affording, we have long since had. The subjective method is at war with all scientific processes; and such has been the confession of the age; we have felt the need of a fresh impulse, a new direction, and a broader basis, and lo! the day of their coming is dawning on the world!

The scientific attainment of the age is the direct result of a change of method in inquiry. Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, Physiology, and Biology are the results of pursuing the inductive method; of collecting facts first and generalizing afterward; of rising from the well-known to the less-known; using facts, not as mere illustrations of a theory, but as the basis, the ground-work of the structure. The scientist never attempts to dive within and bring out the secrets of being, by the simple and naked power of reflection; but asserts that a knowledge of nature can only come through the study of nature.

Is it asserted that a knowledge of mind is not included in a knowledge of nature? If so, it is an unproven assertion, and the cause of the barrenness of metaphysical speculations. The metaphysician, with his deductions from pure reason, and the Theologian, with his "Thus saith the"—anything but proven facts, have been tried and declared incompetent by the spirit of the age; and upon scientists has the task descended. But modern science, we are warned, is materialistic! Names or epithets have lost their power, happily, in deterring the mind from its investigations. We are first to ask—not where or what, does a principle lead, but, is it true? Is it based on facts?

J. S. Mill, in his system of Logic, says "It must by no means be forgotten that the laws of mind may be derivative laws resulting from the laws of animal life; and their truth, therefore, may ultimately depend on physical conditions." Scientists, pursuing this subject, affirm that mind "instead of being, as assumed, a wondrous entity, the independent source of power and self-sufficient cause of causes, is proven, incontestably, by honest observation, to be the most dependent of all the natural forces. It is the highest development of force, and to its existence are all the lower natural forces indispensably pre-requisite."

"The incessant vital changes which correlate thought, do not differ in their nature from those which correlate growth, nutrition, and development. * * * Life and mind are correlative in consciousness, and dependent, therefore, upon correlative forces. Knowing and have the same cause"—[Laycock].

"When the aim of Psychology is distinctly presented," says an able writer, "to arrive at a clear and comprehensive knowledge of mental operations, its superior importance, and the necessity for its advancement will be acknowledged by all. Its relations to the other sciences and to the arts and activities of life is regal and controlling; they all depend upon it for first principles. The moralist looks here to gain light on the nature and authority of conscience,—the legislator, to find some guide for estimating the degree of criminality, in doubtful cases—the educationist for data on which to base an intelligible scheme of mental culture,—the physician for guidance in the proper treatment of insanity, and the theologian for aid in tracing the essential characteristics of man's religious nature."

* * * Instead of definitely progressing and gaining greater clearness at each advancing step, as in the other sciences, metaphysicians are still chasing each other round the circles of verbal disputations, evincing perhaps greater skill and acuteness, but evolving no more actual or valuable results than were yielded by the polemical strife of the middle ages."

Among the first who approached the phenomena of mind with other means of observation than those afforded by introversion, may be ranked the celebrated Cabanis, who maintained that, as all sensibility resides in the nerves, so all the moral affections and the intellectual faculties are the products of the nervous system. Still later the name of Sir Charles Bell is intimately associated with the honored pioneers in these great researches, as having first determined the double function of the nerves, sensory and motor. As has been ably remarked,—"The spell of ages was thus broken; the intelligent agent was no longer an isolated and incomprehensible

mystery—a foreign agency thrust into the scheme of universal order with which it was forever at war—fitted to provoke wonder, but inscrutable to scientific research. The first and most difficult step had been taken, which proved that the thinking principle is subject to conditions, controlled by laws, and amenable to analytic scrutiny like other natural phenomena."

In still later years we have had the works of Marshall, Hall, Carpenter, Laycock, Bain, Mansley, Spencer, and others; and though the subject yet presents an infinite field for research, yet the study of mind to day rests upon an immovable scientific foundation.

Prof. Faraday said, "If a principle be accepted as true, we have a right to pursue it to its consequences, no matter what they may be. It is indeed a duty to do so. A theory may be perfection as far as it goes, but a consideration going beyond it, is not for that reason to be shut out; we might as well accept our limited horizon as the limits of the world."

What then are the "consequences?" Are they Materialism,—Atheism? we do not know.

The result of all scientific research is toward Unity. Man, world, sun, and star are found indissolubly linked together and formed from the same materials. But Science is taking a step onward: All matter is declared to be but points of force. "Every form is force visible," says Huxley. Matter is more illusory than a passing dream, ever shifting and changing. Scientific research is corroborating the Unity of Nature asserted by Swedenborg a century since. Oersted, in his "Soul in Nature," held that the permanence of Nature is not found in its individual parts, which are all undergoing perpetual changes, but that the invariable, that which perdures, is found only in the abstract nature of things, "Nothing is invariable in Nature but laws," which may be called the thoughts of Nature."

This something, underlying all phenomenal existence, is persistent. Matter is incapable of acting of itself, it must be acted upon; and this vigorous quality which underlies and fashions all forms, is the same to-day as yesterday. The matter passes indifferently from mold to mold, retaining no individuality. Spirit alone can act; matter is only the resultant of the act. Grindon ably remarks:

"That invisible potent something, cannot be mere Energy, neither a Cause; that is to say, an active, productive force cannot be efficient unless it operates from and through a substance. If there be a spiritual world at all, it must be like the natural world, substantial. Substance must not be confounded with matter. Substance is a generic term; matter is one of the species which it includes."

Science is continually approaching to the clearer demonstration of this great fact: The Unity of Nature in its most comprehensive aspects.

Tilton says:

"So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of Nature, soul of man,
And soul God are blended!"

And such will soon be the affirmation of all our scientific magnates, so inevitably does research lead to this fact; and when Metaphysics has indeed become obsolete, Science will unite with Intuition in the thought, so beautifully expressed by Mrs. Corbin in one of her poems:

"The silver-threaded chords of being run
Down from God's throne,
Through the whole universe, from sun to sun,
From zone to zone,
And the same life in human bosom thrills,
Which guides the spheres, and clothes their verdant hills."
Montpelier, Vt.

ALICE CARY AND PHEBE CARY.

Alice and Phoebe Cary have begun the Sunday evening receptions that every winter render so attractive their little house in one of our pleasantest streets. It is a small nest of a place, just large enough for the two gracious maidens who have chosen to abjure the constant companionship of the superior sex. It possesses one feature rather unusual in New York houses—it has a hall running through the centre, on one side of which is the drawing room, and on the other the library. Both rooms are as cosy as they can be, wearing an air of gentle refinement and unbroken culture. Everything is so tastefully disposed that, upon entering, it is only the *tout ensemble* that is perceived. No glaring picture rushes at you from the wall. No flowery sofa confuses the vision with an absurd mixture of color. Soft-toned draperies and skilfully grouped artistic trifles at once melt the visitor with a delightful sympathetic rapport. A peculiarly striking object is an exquisite mosaic table, imported from Germany, and presented to the sisters by an appreciative friend.

Their more favored visitors are invited to come to tea, at which banquet Miss Phoebe's sparkling humor almost makes her friends forget the more material feast before them. Mr. Greeley's amiable countenance often beameath above their table at these Sunday evening teas. For many years he has been a devoted friend to the sisters. During the evening the *literati* of the city assemble, dropping in one by one in an informal way that is very charming. At the last reception Oliver Johnson's gray locks and strong face were visible in a corner, their owner drowsing amiably to a knot of attentive listeners. Under the gaslight sat Miss Phoebe, plump, laughing-eyed, piquant. She wears all sorts of bonnets and sashes and bracelets and beads, perfectly in accordance with her cheery style. There's nothing of the proverbial old maid about her—not bit of it. Conversing with her is Lord Adare, son of the Earl of Dunraven, who is just now traveling here with his wife. He has a slight figure, an intellectual face, and a long tawny moustache. Lady Adare is Scotch, and consequently bright-eyed and bonny. She looks rather amused as Miss Phoebe energetically remarks that she wishes some other than Booth might become the high priest of the drama in America. At one side, Susan B. Anthony, in the inevitable scarlet cloak and shawl and spectacles, relates her recent experience in Cincinnati to a sympathetic hearer. Susan's nose takes an upward turn, and her eyes snap as she goes into detail. About the room roams the philosopher of the *Trilune*, radiating smiles and common sense until he grows tired and takes his leave in his own characteristic manner—that is, wanders vaguely away without saying good-bye to anybody.

The conversation very often turns upon spiritualistic matters, the sisters being devoted Spiritualists of the higher type. While Miss Cary's accomplished nieces were here, she was one of the attractions of these gatherings, but they have long since borne all but its remembrance to happy homes of their own. Throughout this nest breathes the most exquisite culture, the sweetest purity and a beautiful picture is the lives of the two singing-birds within.—New York correspondence.

A CLERGYMAN INDICTED FOR WIFE MURDER.

The Grand Jury of Kane county, on Friday last, found an indictment for murder against the Rev. Isaac B. Smith, of Turner Junction, a little town thirty miles west of Bloomington, on the Galena Division of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, for the drowning of his wife last June.

The facts in this most extraordinary case, as near as they can be learned from the conflicting accounts of his friends, and those living him guilty, are as follows:

Some time in the early part of June last, Mr. Smith, with his wife, drove in his buggy to attend a minister's meeting at the house of a brother clergyman. Having spent the afternoon and part of the evening, he started for the house of a brother-in-law, a Mr. Benton, residing upon the Hammond farm, about two miles from Elgin.

About half-past nine in the evening, Mr. Smith came to Mr. Benton's house in considerable excitement, asking if his wife was there, and saying that his buggy had been overturned in crossing a small stream about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Benton's, and his wife thrown out, and as he had not been able to find his wife, after getting out, he thought she might have gone on to the house and left him. He accounted for the overturning of his buggy by saying that his horse was a very headstrong animal, and when he saw water would go into it, no matter how hard you might try to turn him.

The horse having stopped in the stream to drink, he stepped over upon one of the thills to uncheck him, that he might drink, when his wife called to him to hurry, that she felt faint, when the horse started, and, turning sharply, threw them both out, dragged him under water and across the stream twice, the wheel passing over him, and the horse stamping him under foot. When he got up he looked around for his wife, and seeing the buggy-rob floating in the stream, and turned sharply, threw them both out, dragged him under water and across the stream twice, the wheel passing over him, and the horse stamping him under foot. When he got up he looked around for his wife, and seeing the buggy-rob floating in the stream, and turned sharply, threw them both out, dragged him under water and across the stream twice, the wheel passing over him, and the horse stamping him under foot. 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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JOSEPHINE M." — If you observe the following directions carefully, you can paint very beautiful little flower and fruit pictures, on velvet, which will do to frame, or will make charming toilet-cushions etc. You can also adorn the double skirt of a white party dress, with a running vine painted after these rules.

Purchase any pretty, colored picture of flowers or fruits, or draw one from life; then carefully number each petal, leaf or half-leaf, stem, or distinct division in the picture, one, two, three, or four, taking care that no two divisions of the same number shall touch. For instance, if you have a bunch of grapes to paint, each, whether whole, or but partially shown must have its number; if a rose, each petal; or if a petal rolls over and overlaps itself it will require two numbers. This done, take four sheets of well-oiled paper, and, having fastened your picture to a board, pin one of the sheets on at the corners, and carefully draw all the outlines of the divisions marked 1. Upon another sheet must be drawn all those marked 2, and so on.

This done, fasten each sheet of oiled paper to a piece of paste-board, and with a sharp knife cut out all the divisions.

Then, having your velvet well stretched and fastened upon a board, pin on your first piece of paste-board (all the four sheets must have corresponding pin-holes at the corners to insure exactness) and with a paint-brush, dipped in oil-paints, lightly pass over each cut division, painting it of the color shown in the picture.

When through with theorem No I, use No 2 in the same way. When all four theorems have been used your picture is done, and if you have handled the brush carefully, will be of exquisite softness and finish. Get white cotton-back velvet, or if that cannot be procured, white satin will answer. A little practice will make the work both very easy and very delightful; and the same theorems will answer for an unlimited number of pictures.

"COSMOS." — I. Were you historically correct in saying that Lamartine never was President of the French Republic? II. One of the subjects said to be broached, and to be passed upon in the forthcoming Ecumenical Council at Rome, is the dogma of the "Assumption" of the Virgin Mary. What is the meaning of it? III. Since the promulgation by the present Pope of the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," are Catholic priests allowed by law or custom to christen a child by the name of Mary? IV. What is the size of the guns that guard the Dardanelles, where were they made, and what kind and size of balls do they carry? I. Yes. When the revolution took place in February, 1848, he became a member of the Provisional government and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and exercised a great influence over the first movements of the republic. He was chosen one of the five members of the Executive Commission and became its active head until Carnot superseded him. II. The idea originated, in the seventh century, that the soul and body of the Virgin Mary had been carried up to Heaven by our Saviour and the angels. This transfer to Heaven is called the Assumption, and is the basis of a festival kept by the Roman Catholic Church. III. Yes, they are. IV. We cannot tell.

"ANXIETY." — Have you any good recipe for making a cement that will unite polished steel? We met with a Turkish recipe of the kind you mention, in a Berlin journal not long ago, and we translate it for your benefit. It is said to be a cement intended to fasten diamonds and other precious stones to metallic surfaces, and is said to be capable of strongly uniting surfaces of polished steel, even when exposed to moisture, and is as follows: Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much spirits of wine as will suffice to render it liquid. In another vessel dissolve in brandy as much isinglass, previously softened in water, as will make a two-ounce phial of strong glue, adding two small bits of gum ammonia, which must be rubbed until dissolved. Then mix the whole with heat. Keep in a phial closely stopped. When it is to be used, put the phial in boiling water.

"LEGAL." — I am twenty-six years of age, employed as clerk in a government office, and wish to take up the lawyer's profession. What books had I better commence to study, and what is the best course for me to pursue in order to accomplish my object? Is it necessary to understand the dead languages at all, in order to become a thorough lawyer? Commence by reading Blackstone's Commentaries, and then make an arrangement to become a student of law in the office of some capable and successful attorney. A smattering of Greek and Latin is useful, but not indispensable in the study of law. Law Latin is not remarkable for its purity, and translations are to be readily had of all the law maxims and phrases.

"E. PALMER." — We regret that we have not been able to collect the details of the work done by the Philadelphia Convention for the amendment to the constitution; nor can we tell you the names of its members. It is to be hoped that few were present, and but little was done. We are not enjoying the fruits of such terrible struggles for liberty of conscience as our people have gone through with, to yield them at the behest of any convention, though backed by the efforts of every Theologian in America.

"JAMES PELT." — Boston. I. Where does the expression "She is the Mrs. Candour of the community," originate? II. Is the expression "toadeater" similar in meaning to the terms "toady"? I. It originates from the play of "The School for Scandal." You will find the character in Sheridan's play of that name. II. Yes, a "toady" and a "toadeater" are synonymous terms and both signify a fawning, obsequious parasite, a sycophant.

"DZILAH." — The amour of Hero and Leander is famous. Their fidelity was so great and their love so ardent that Leander used to elude the vigilance of his family and swim the Hellespont from Abycos to Sestos, while Hero, who was priestess of Venus, held a burning torch to guide his course. After he was drowned, Hero threw herself from her tower into the sea, 627, B. C.

"ANNIE." — Now is the time to plant your bulbs for Spring blossoming. Set tulips in masses, but use the crocus, hyacinth, anemone, dog-tooth-violet and the small flowering bulbs generally, for edgings. They can be taken up when withered, in May or June, and their places supplied with annuals.

M. J. T. — Jennie Lind first appeared in America at Castle Garden, New York, Sep. 11, 1850. She has not visited this country since her return to Europe in 1852.

"ALLEN RAYMOND." — You will find an account of almost every religious sect known, in a volume, easily attainable, entitled "Book of all Religions."

"MAN H." — We can furnish a few sets of THE UNIVERSE, complete from July 1, its commencement, at regular subscription price.

No pent-up continent contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES,
H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

INCREASE OF SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

The subscription price of THE UNIVERSE is to be increased to \$3.00 per year. Up to Dec. 1st, however, we will continue to enter names at the present price, \$2.50 per year.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

To any subscriber sending a new subscription, with the money for one year, we will send a copy of "Exeter Hall," price 75 cents.

To any one renewing subscription for one year and sending one new name for one year, — or to any one sending two new subscriptions for one year — received at one time, (with the money,) we will send a copy of "The Woman Who Dared," price \$1.50; or Mrs. ADAMS' "Dawn," price \$2.00.

For one renewal and two new subscriptions, — or for three new subscriptions, — for a year, at one time (with the money,) we will send a copy of Mr. PEEBLES' "Seers of the Ages," price \$2.25.

Mr. OWEN's New Novel, "Beyond the Breakers," will be added to our special offers as soon as issued.

The books will be sent postage paid.

The premiums in our List are continued, except that, after Dec. 1st, the subscribers required for each article must be paid for at \$3.00 per year each. We will give a cash commission to those who prefer a commission.

HEADQUARTERS AT NEW YORK.—
BUSINESS OFFICE AT CHICAGO.

A VACATION TO JANUARY 1ST!

Since the announcement in our last issue that the Headquarters of THE UNIVERSE are to be at New York City from and after January 1st next, we have determined that the interests of our journal, of our readers, and of all concerned, will be promoted by a vacation, or suspension of publication, for the period of two months, the time intervening between this and that date. No subscriber will lose pecuniarily by this, as each will be credited forward on our books for the time passed over.

We have been overworked. All the readers of THE UNIVERSE may not know that we have another Weekly, the WESTERN RURAL, which has demanded our immediate attention for the larger part of our time, and, particularly at this season of the year, its interests cannot be neglected. We may say, in five years' publication of that journal, projected and managed by us individually, we have built up a circulation for it double that of any other Agricultural journal west of New York, and larger by several thousand than any other Weekly, of any class, in the West, with but a single exception.

The interval will really afford us but little respite, as the preparations for and the opening of our New York Publishing office, will involve much time and labor — indeed it will take several weeks to transfer the material; but we shall be able meantime to gather strength, and to resume editorial work on THE UNIVERSE with new vigor. All interested in this journal will therefore be benefited. We shall not promise, but we expect that THE UNIVERSE will be made still more acceptable to its readers.

As announced elsewhere, the subscription price is to be increased to \$3.00 per year, though credit will be given at the old price for all remittances up to Dec. 1st. Correspondents may continue to address us here, or, after Dec. 15th, may direct to New York City. The first issue for 1870 will be issued in advance of date.

A Business Office will be continued in Chicago, for subscriptions, advertisements, etc.

MRS. CORBIN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD.

A month ago we referred to a "card" of a surprising character, which had then just appeared in the New York *World*, signed by Mrs. C. F. CORBIN, referring to an editorial of the *World* on Marriage, in which allusion was made to THE UNIVERSE, and herself, and Mrs. J. S. ADAMS, charged with "covering with the thin disguise of a story a pronounced advocacy of the free-love doctrine."

Mrs. CORBIN asks permission of the *World* "most emphatically to deny" that she has "ever written a line in advocacy of free-love or the abolition of marriage." Mrs. CORBIN then says:

"You have probably been led into error by the fact that the Chicago *UNIVERSE*, a paper which in the same connection you very justly characterize, has copied a story of mine from another periodical, and untruthfully announced it as written for THE UNIVERSE. This story was intended to illustrate some of the evils of truthful and licentious marriages such as are occurring every day in society — marriages formed from any and every other motive than that true and spiritual attraction which alone can form the basis of a pure, unadulterous union. With the paper in question, so far as it relates to free love, I have no sympathy whatever. I have never written a line for it, and never intend to."

This is a truly serious charge, — too serious to be permitted to pass unnoticed, though we would gladly spare Mrs. CORBIN from the deplorable position in which our disclosures will place her. We have hesitated some weeks before doing this, — thus permitting the charge of dishonesty and falsehood to stand unrefuted. The interests of social reform, with which we are now identified so prominently, will not permit longer silence. A new paper called the *Avenger*, to be devoted to the interest of woman's rights, is soon to make its appearance at Crawfordsville, Ind.

The contest of social reform is becoming warm, and a more bellicose attitude is being assumed by some of the champions. A new paper called the *Avenger*, to be devoted to the interest of woman's rights, is soon to make its appearance at Crawfordsville, Ind.

"ALLEN RAYMOND." — You will find an account of almost every religious sect known, in a volume, easily attainable, entitled "Book of all Religions."

"MAN H." — We can furnish a few sets of THE UNIVERSE, complete from July 1, its com-

and duplicity, which must destroy the confidence which she has enjoyed, and impair her power for future good works, unless she be excused on the plea of temporary aberration of mind, through physical weakness induced by serious sickness, or through the pressure of orthodox influence which has been brought around her, or through both combined.

Last Spring, we contracted with Mrs. CORBIN for a new story, to be written expressly for the *Chicagoan*, or its successor, (as we were then proposing a change of name,) paying her one-fourth of the amount agreed upon, in advance. It was determined that we should first republish a story of hers, published last year in the *Friend* (a monthly of small circulation and now extinct), by doing which it would give her more time for her new story, and would excite greater inquiry, therefore, by the public. She proposed to review and rewrite portions of the same, extending the concluding chapter to two chapters, and materially altering the plot. In view of these changes, it was mutually agreed that it should appear as "Written for the *UNIVERSE*." The second title, "A Woman's Desception," was accepted by Mrs. C. at our suggestion. She personally furnished us the installments, week by week, with her revisions, new sub-titles to the chapters, etc., and in the case of a misadventure, she volunteered to rewrite the same for us, if not found. Portions of the copy, with the revisions, in her own writing, and correspondence touching the same, can be seen at this office. So much for the imputation of untruthfulness, as Mrs. C. mildly puts it.

The meaning attached to the term "free love," as used by the *World*, or as used by

Mrs. CORBIN, may be the same, or may differ; but certainly, the writings of Mrs. CORBIN as given by us, by her authority, have been pronounced as revolutionary as anything else we have published — certainly they have elicited as much censure as anything beside. The objects aimed at by THE UNIVERSE, which are sought to be made obnoxious by the term "free love," are simply that we shall control her affection and her sexual nature, the popular legal marriage system not permitting this, thereby causing prostitution — a legal prostitution, destructive of health, happiness and the integral interests of humanity. Whether Mrs. CORBIN sympathizes with these objects is a matter of little moment; but she should be true to the public as well as to herself. In a "Prefatory Announcement," which she prepared to be used in announcing the new story (that she had contracted to write for us), which we have now before us in her own hand-writing, she uses this language: — "Marriage, as it stands embodied in the legal enactments of the civilized world and the customs of society, is simply an abomination before God."

This is about as strong as language can present the views of THE UNIVERSE itself; but Mrs. CORBIN expounded her views in still stronger terms. Though she now declares she has no sympathy with THE UNIVERSE, "so far as it relates to free love," she certainly has very strong sympathy with the aims of this journal as we have represented them above, whether the views be "free love" or something else. The foregoing quotation was written for publication. In a private letter to us, dated April 7th last (written from her present home in New England), not intended for publication, Mrs. CORBIN wrote:

"Mr. Lewis — Dear Sir: — * * * I shall be glad if your arrangements leave me a little more time for the story. * * * I feel already that the story will be stronger, at least further-reaching, than anything I have ever written — more radical. Some things have happened to stir me up a good deal since I last saw you, and from henceforth I feel toward the embattled hosts who support the present legal status of woman in Marriage, to cry, 'Come on, Macduff, and cursed be he who first shall cry enough!' The thing has got to go under, and I mean to be there when it goes."

(The italics are Mrs. C.'s.)

Under the imperative advice of her physician, her husband, and others, she relinquished her contract with us for the story which she had commenced, causing us much disappointment, and disturbing our business plans, as we had expended a considerable amount in advertising, etc., preliminary to the announcement of the forthcoming work.

We trust that Mrs. CORBIN may be restored to health; for we know that, with her former strength of body and mind, she will be brave in the enunciation and advocacy of the truths her soul accepts. Her position — she is a member of ROBERT COLYER'S church in Chicago, and moves in the first social circles — illustrates the terrible pressure brought to bear upon those who utter unwelcome truths, and the fearful martyrdom to which reformers are always subject. We have no feeling for the unknd statements she has been led to make concerning us. She will reconsider them. She has powers that the suffering world needs, to lift it from its depths of degradation and sin. It is hard to spare her; but many an arm that would have been effective in grand endeavor, has been disabled by the interference of Conservatism, using whatever powers it may command, to thwart progress. But even the work goes on, though slowly.

SPANISH SPIRITISTS.

The well known Virginian radical and Unitarian preacher, Rev. M. D. CONWAY, now resident of London, gave us a thrilling description of a tour in Russia, and the conversation he held with a lady of high rank upon Spiritualism. She was a firm believer. Among the more highly educated classes, Spiritualism prevails extensively in the Russias. No monarch received the Davenport Brothers with greater cordiality than Alexander II. That he is a devoted Spiritualist, none in well-informed circles dispute. A French Countess, or "lady of rank," writes from St. Petersburg to an acquaintance of ours in Paris, that nearly all the members of the imperial family are Spiritualists. The liberating of millions of serfs was worthy the inspiring genius of Spiritualism. Well may millions of Russians call this patriarchal absolutist, "Liberating Father;" for he forced the decree of the emancipation of these serfs, in spite of the most bitter opposition from priests and nobles.

RUSSIAN SPIRITUALISM.

Standing upon the summit of the "Arch of Triumph" erected to the memory of Napoleon I, a gentlemanly resident of Paris pointed out to us, at a little distance, the present mansion-house of the deposed Queen of Spain. This Castilian country is now begging for a crown. It must be liberal or the progressives will banish the possessor.

Spain has many Spiritualists — that is, believers in spirit-communication. Mr. POLAN, a Spanish writer of some fame, says that he believes "sympathizing with Isabella, and the conservatives generally, these Spanish Spiritualists are all re-incarnationists." The Countess M. Medina de Polmar, whom we met several times in London, is a Spanish lady of fortune, with greater cordiality than Alexander II. That he is a devoted Spiritualist, none in well-informed circles dispute. A French Countess, or "lady of rank," writes from St. Petersburg to an acquaintance of ours in Paris, that nearly all the members of the imperial family are Spiritualists. The liberating of millions of serfs was worthy the inspiring genius of Spiritualism. Well may millions of Russians call this patriarchal absolutist, "Liberating Father;" for he forced the decree of the emancipation of these serfs, in spite of the most bitter opposition from priests and nobles.

SPANISH SPIRITISTS.

Spanish Spiritualists print three or four periodicals devoted principally to the facts of spirit-communication. In fine, they are merely records of phenomena, tests and evidences of clairvoyance, — matters that millions of Roman Catholics have never disputed. If they teach any distinctive dogma, it is re-incarnation, a theory to us as distasteful as unphilosophical. Would not these Spanish Spiritualists better subserve the higher interests of humanity by educating the people up to Republicanism — to liberty, freedom, toleration and broad philanthropic reform movements?

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—IX.

LIBERAL MINISTERS OF GLASGOW — HISTORY OF TREBISON — INFORMATION CONCERNING RUSSIA — THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE NOBILITY — THE RE-INCARNATIONISTS OF SPAIN — ABUSE OF A SPIRITUALIST BY THE POPULACE — VOYAGE TO CALAIS — FOREIGN ASPECTS — BEAUTIES OF PARIS — THE KISS FRATERNAL — PARISIAN LADIES — THEIR OCCUPATIONS — A CONSUL-GENERAL, A WRITING MEDIUM, ETC.

PARIS, France, Oct. 6, 1869.

A recent mail from Scotland brought the following information: "The Rev. J. Page HOPPS will commence his ministry in Glasgow, Sunday, October 3d. A congregational social meeting of welcome will be extended Mr. HOPPS in Mechanic's Hall on Monday evening. Rev. J. F. SMITH, of Edinburgh, and other clergymen will be present."

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Accustomed to the magnificent steamers of America, imagine my surprise when setting eyes upon the steam conveyances that cross the channel between France and England.

It is a burning reproach to the immense wealth, the scientific knowledge and engineering skill of France and the English nation,

that there is no more comfortable method of transit between these two countries.

The channel, crooked and ugly, the waters almost universally rough and choppy, the barrier between Dover and Calais is really more serious than several days sailing upon the Atlantic.

The steamers are small, uncomfortable, filthy; while their close, ill-ventilated cabins and wet decks are positively detestable.

There are two steamers afloat for remedying this difficulty.</

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

AMERICA TO PRECIPITATE UNIVERSAL SOCIAL EVENTS — THE MASSES OF NATIONS WAKING UP — LET A BODY OF LAYMEN PURGE THE BIBLE OF ITS DROSS — THE PRESIDENT NOT A GOLD GAMBLER — THE SABBATH NOT FOR OLD THEOLOGY, BUT FOR THE PEOPLE'S REST AND COMFORT — THE RICH AND POOR — SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK, ETC.

NEW YORK, October 23, 1869.

It should be the stern resolve of America to endeavor, by every possible means within the pale of justice and humanity, to destroy the power of Kingcraft not only on this continent, but in every portion of the habitable globe where the influence of her glorious name and example may be felt even remotely.

It is not enough that she is gradually becoming the arbitress of the destinies of one hemisphere, and that she may be capable of holding the tyrannies of the other in comparative check; to be true to herself and her exalted mission, she must precipitate events, and become, as speedily as may be, the positive and clearly defined authoress of universal liberty, irrespective of creed or clime or race.

In the present disturbed state of Europe, the astute and analytical observer discovers nothing more than an effort of the masses to crush class legislation and to establish the principles of government upon a republican basis, whether in Church or State. The people begin to perceive, that, although they are the source of all wealth and power, they participate in neither, and are held in thrall from generation to generation by a conspiracy of cunning priests, hireling bayonets, wily politicians, and titled nobles. It is in consequence of this almost universal conviction, that the Ecumenical Council is now being convoked at Rome, and that the crowned heads of the world are kept in such constant political turmoil. The papacy is unwilling to see thousands annually, both at home and abroad, freeing themselves from its iron grasp, without making one mighty effort in its own behalf; while the tyrants of the lay sceptre, are in constant dread of being deprived of their power, and their assumed right to plunder the poor, defenceless millions which had been ground into the dust for ages. This is just the simple state of the case: The people are tired of priestly exactions and arrogance, and of princely frauds and oppressions, and are struggling to overthrow both.

THE "SOLDIER'S FRIEND" ANSWERED.

We would like to know whether Jennie T. Hazen is in favor of Polygamy.

We would like to know whether a husband's being sinful, justifies a wife in following the same course.

We rather think, that in the last day, the wife will have to answer for her own sins and then that the sins of a husband will be no shadow of an excuse for her.

We have no sympathy to waste, on a woman that needs a husband to be the keeper of her honor.

Every person has implanted in his very nature a sense of right and wrong, and immorality is in our opinion a thing that there is no earthly excuse for.—*Western Soldier's Friend.*

If "Polygamy" is the right and proper thing for men, it is also for women.

Education makes our conscience, and conscience is said to determine what is sinful. What is a deadly sin to one soul, may be the highest good to another. There are courses of life, spiritual or temporal, whenever the slightest opportunity presents itself to accomplish afeat so desirable?

As it is a fact sustained by the most profound learning and research, that no body knows when or where or by whom the Bible or the New Testament was written, and as no two sets on earth agree in their rendering of either book, my opinion is, that some able and learned body of liberal and honest laymen should take up the creeds and contradictory mass of both, and endeavor to purge it of its nursery tales, wretched indecencies, and absurd theories. As the case now stands, we can prove anything, everything or nothing from these two relics of religious barbarism and priestly interpolations. All that they contain of the divine and the beautiful is so bedeviled and bespattered with the ignorance, superstition and sordid lust of the age in which they appeared, that in the light of the present day, they become repulsive to every man who is not prepared to believe, that the Creator of the Universe commanded the sun to stand still in the heavens, for the purpose of affording a parcel of shirtless vagabonds—a gang of Jewish County-Kerry men, an opportunity of butchering each other by daylight; or who cannot entertain the idea, that a man was born without a father, or that Jonah was, for three nights, at the bottom of the sea, picking up shrimps among the slush of a whale's stomach, until he turned sour on it. This is the leaven that "leavens the whole lump;" and before the Bible and Testament are recognised by the true intelligence of the age, they must be washed clean of it, and be presented to us in a shape more acceptable to the unerring standard which God has set up within every true soul, in opposition to priesthood and the wild vagaries of fanaticism.

General Grant's letter to Robert Bonner of the *Ledger*, disclaiming any knowledge of the Wall Street gold swindle until it had taken place, is deemed quite satisfactory here. The truth is, no one but a few interested misguided politicians ever thought of charging the President with complicity in this disreputable affair. General Grant is too good and too honest a man to sully his world-wide fame by any act unworthy his exalted position; and so the matter rests just where it began—among a nest of unprincipled gamblers and speculators who would, without a single twinge of their conscience, rob the widow of her last mite.

I understand, with very decided pleasure, that you are about to remove THE UNIVERSE to this city, where we have, at present, no organ of our divine philosophy. Other parties, as you are aware, had been speaking about starting a Spiritual journal here, but nothing satisfactory or decided has been accomplished in the premises. The field, therefore, lies completely open before you, and support has been promised you on all sides. Already, THE UNIVERSE has become a favorite here, so that you will not have to enter upon your mission in this locality, in the light of a stranger.

There is just one crutch that ought to be knocked from under the Old Theology, and that is Sunday, as such. As the tide now rolls, it is the especial day upon which, for the most part, priestcraft endeavors to renew or strengthen its grip upon the people. Take it away from the pulpit, and we shall have no portion of God's precious time prostituted to "the cloth," empty ceremonies, or those long-winded special pleadings, or driveling platitudes which so frequently disgrace the common sense of the age. One day in the week may be devoted to rest and pleasure with advantage, perhaps; but as it is next to impossible to perform a true act of worship in a church, there is no necessity for setting apart a day for the reunion of religious mutual-admiration societies, exclusively. Singing and prayer and exhortation, however desirable on certain occasions, have so long become the cheap, Christian groceries upon which the poor are fed, that I begin to doubt their efficacy strongly. The Great Father is honored only in that down-right, practical work which is performed, among the suffering and the needy, by those who have means. God will, at any time, forego his right, to a "Laudamus," for a pair of shoes or a loaf of bread for one of his hungry or barefooted children. Who, then, can dare to demand a friendly audience of Heaven, who, possessing the power, refuses or neglects to perform his

JENNIE T. HAZEN LEWIS.

WHAT IS "OBSCENITY"?—OPINION OF A MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The *Bistoury*, an able medical quarterly, published at Elmira, N. Y., under the title of "Newspaper Morality," says:

The Chicago *Journal* thinks THE UNIVERSE, a woman's paper published in Chicago, "might be more popular in its respect for the moral decencies."

THE UNIVERSE has recently published some pretty plain truths with regard to the abuse of the marriage relation, and has touched upon other matters of society that it would be well for every man and woman to read. The *Journal* thinks THE UNIVERSE is indecent in referring to such matters, yet publishes the most outrageous and disgusting cards in its own columns, that would shock a Turk's ideas of morality. For instance: its columns contain cards of abortionists, of medicines to prevent conception, and for cure of private diseases, etc., etc., that had much better not be admitted to respectable newspapers.

Any journal, giving place to such vile advertisements, should be excluded from the family circle—they have as much influence in urging our youth to debauchery and lewdness as the sensational dime literature and "police gazettes" of the day.

Parents cannot be too careful of the character of reading matter they furnish their children, as their thoughts and actions are, in no small measure, controlled by what they read. And for this reason, our newspaper

duty towards his fellow man? This cheap and pleasant work with the lips and head, amounts to but little. The open heart and hand is what we want just now; and the nearer winter approaches the destitute thousands which throng our great marts, the more satisfied am I of the truth of this position.

The nights are chilly here, with slight frosts, although the days have recently become beautiful. How glorious and beneficent, the great being who appointed

THE SEASONS.

These seasons are but Nature's jewelled zone, Where, set, in changing splendor, we behold The pearl of Winter and Spring's em'rald stone, The Summer's ruby and the Autumn's gold, Forever varying in shade and tone,

And where the dazzling fingers of the sun, That fling the tinted shuttles of the light, Present the jewels to us, one by one—

Forever circling and forever bright;

And where, when all the fervid heats are done, The cool, pale pearl is turned upon our sight,

That we may revel in a new delight,

And to our Autumn, Spring, and Summer lays,

Add yet one other song of grateful praise.

Miss Nettie Pease still continues her good work at the Everett Rooms. Her exercises are always identified with an inspirational poem, which invariably elicits the applause of the audience. In this particular region Spiritualism is making onward and upward. Some of the luminaries of the Old Theology are beginning to give way before it. Recently I met a certain reverend in company with Miss Pease, and was pleased to learn that he was about to purify himself of his musty old rags before the world. This is how it shall be until all are redeemed, from the least to the greatest. The Good Father cannot fail to be true to himself; and, such being the case, heaven and earth shall soon embrace each other in open day. LOGOS.

THE "SOLDIER'S FRIEND" ANSWERED.

We would like to know whether Jennie T. Hazen is in favor of Polygamy.

We would like to know whether a husband's being sinful, justifies a wife in following the same course.

We rather think, that in the last day, the wife will have to answer for her own sins and then that the sins of a husband will be no shadow of an excuse for her.

We have no sympathy to waste, on a woman that needs a husband to be the keeper of her honor.

Every person has implanted in his very nature a sense of right and wrong, and immorality is in our opinion a thing that there is no earthly excuse for.—*Western Soldier's Friend.*

If "Polygamy" is the right and proper thing for men, it is also for women.

Education makes our conscience, and conscience is said to determine what is sinful. What is a deadly sin to one soul, may be the highest good to another. There are courses of life, spiritual or temporal, whenever the slightest opportunity presents itself to accomplish afeat so desirable?

As for the answering part,—we don't suppose God will ever ask a wife any questions; and more than likely, that, as Sojourner Truth said upon a time, "God never hears tell on her." Every woman ought to rejoice that she has only herself to answer for. It would be a fearfully one-sided affair, if she were held responsible for the sins of her husband; and we women will all shout for joy when the day dawns wherein man shall not assume the responsibility for his wife, or, to use an old adage, and a homely one, when "Every tub shall stand on its own bottom."

If you "have no sympathy to waste," be "equinomical"; don't waste it. I never heard a woman say she needed a husband to be the keeper of her honor. I never knew it was even necessary for her to have a keeper for that purpose. I thought it was considered the mission of the wife to preserve her husband's honor, and a sorry time she usually has of it.

What is right? and what is wrong? In no single instance does the old Bible condemn Polygamy. It was right for Solomon to own an immense number of wives and concubines. It was right for Jacob to marry Leah, and afterward Rachel. It was right for Abraham to be the father of children by his hand-maiden.

Immorality is a thing for which "there is no earthly excuse!" What about the fathers eating sour grapes and setting the children's teeth on edge? Who is to blame for this extremely unpleasant condition of the small people's teeth? They didn't eat the grapes. How about the son of a sot being a drunkard? How about the transmission of traits of character from father to son? Have you no excuse for a liar, born of a liar? Have you no pity for a child who is born a thief? You might as well declare you hate a child with bleak eyes and diseased skin, born of a scrofulous mother; you might, with equal justice, loathe a babe pining with consumption, whose mother is dead of the same dire disease. You would be shocked at your moral depravity, if you found such feelings in your heart toward children who have inherited physical disease. Then how much greater should be your self-condemnation, when you find it in your heart to condemn the unfortunate who are born with mental and moral diseases.

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men, the great educators of the people, should see that no immoral or obscene articles should gain admission to their journals.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SOUL OF THINGS; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The science of Psychometry—for it seems to have reached the dignity of an actual science—was first discovered in a limited sense, by Dr. Buchanan, of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, and editor at the time, of a monthly publication called the "Journal of Man." He demonstrated by experiments made upon a class of one hundred and thirty medical students, that sensitive persons might be so affected by contact with substances of a decided taste, as to be able to recognize and name those substances, though they were carefully concealed from sight and knowledge.

So important a discovery as this, was not likely, in these days of eager inquiry into cause and effect, to be lightly passed over as of trivial importance; since whatever can furnish a clue to the detection of some hitherto unknown and unimagined law of mentality, is hailed with more delight by the true philosophers, who have entered upon the study of mind and its infinite relations, than would be the discovery of a mine of gold, or an inexhaustable bed of diamonds.

Poring over the few conclusions arrived at by Dr. Buchanan, it occurred to Prof. William Denton, one of the authors of the above work, to verify them if practicable; and accordingly, he entered into an investigation of the subject, aided by his sister, Mrs. Annie Denton Cridge, and his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Denton—both ladies proving highly susceptible Psychometric subjects.

The result of several years study of the new science, we have before us, in the shape of a delightful a volume as ever charmed an Idealist, or entranced a lover of novelty.

"There is nothing new," says the proverb; yet to the infant mind nothing is old; and the world being in its infancy of thought, is likely to be hourly surprised by the elucidation of mysteries, and the discovery of heretofore unknown principles. The human processes of thought have been hitherto mainly objective. So much was to be learned about this good green earth and its occupants, that there has been little time as yet for man to intrude his thoughts, and search after the laws that govern soul-life and soul-manifestations; but since the discoveries of Astronomers, Geologists, and students of other physical sciences, have excited the wonder and admiration of the world, how much more amazement and delight will thrill the lovers of knowledge, when these new fields of mental science shall be proven to exist and to be subject to exploration.

The work has begun; the first great law has been seen at its luminous forges, stamping its mystic symbols upon the golden coin of the Universe. Mrs. Denton and Mrs. Cridge have caught the flashing of its sacred fire; and Prof. Denton is the Prometheus who has brought it to our very hearths.

Since the first publication of "The Soul of Things," myriad have tested the new occult science. It no longer rests upon the slight foundation of the testimony of two or three; yet so complete is that testimony—as found in these published details—that the student of Psychometry will require no farther aid to an investigation of its mysteries; and certainly the study bids fair to be the most delightful of all studies that have yet set the fountains of happy thought springing out of the soil of our mere earthly existence.

All honor to these lofty thinkers whose work will prove to humanity "a joy forever!"

We should attempt to cull for the benefit of our readers, any choice items from this choice specimen of the scientific literature of the day, we should scarcely know when to end our quotations. Space will not admit of this, and we can only say to the investigator, "Get the 'Soul of Things,' ponder well its revelations, and if practicable, act upon its suggestions in pursuing Psychometrical studies, and you will find it to your soul as a well of waters in the thirsty desert."

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. Eight Evening Lectures on the Summer-Land. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Phonographically Recorded. Also A VOICE FROM JAMES VICTOR WILSON. Boston: William White & Co.

That ancient astronomer of whom Dr. Johnson wrote, who had studied the phenomena of the earth and heavens so long, and gained such skill in his predictions of weather, eclipses, starry motions, etc., that at last he came to imagine himself sole director of the Universe, did not more astonish the sweet sister of Rasselas, when he unfolded to her his insane belief, than the author of the above work would startle and confound the general reader, by his simple unpretentious account of his most remarkable experiences and conclusions. But unlike the dreamer in his tower, Mr. Davis keeps a sane mind, and evidently bases his expectations of receiving credit as a seer, solely upon the accordance of his visions with the inner life and intuitions of his readers.

Beautiful indeed are these revelations of spirit-life; and although some of them would be startling enough to excite disbelief, if stated out of their connection and sequence, they seem but natural exponents of spirit law, to such as have followed the seer through his previous elucidations. Clear, direct, unb burdened with the huge rafts and ungainly craft of monstrous words that bear little freightage of thought—flows down the river of spiritual inspiration to us, through the brain-channels of his fine organism: and we wander by the sacred Nile of its singing waters, not drunken with the foolish lotos-plants of fancy, but cheered by refreshing draughts, and baptized by the exquisite silver of its regenerating dew.

Aye, and who shall say such dews are not re-generating? Who that has hungered over the pages given to the world by this inspired philosopher, will venture to tell us that they are but the sickly ravings of a half-crazed visionary? They bear the evidence of the author's perfect sanity in every line. They ripple and sparkle in our sight, touched with the very hues of Heaven. No mistaking such flashings of light for the red, pure, steady glow of some frolicsome bonfire, or worse, the flame of a destructive conflagration!

Mr. Davis is no Iconoclast. He does not spring upon the lover of creeds and rend his garments of belief that were woven with such infinite painstaking and weariness, by the skill of mistaken Theologians. But he walks beside us as a friend, a brother, and trusts that when once the purity of his own white robe is seen, the curiously be-spangled garb will be dropped, and his companion cry out "I will henceforth clothe myself only in the garments of light!"

Nor can such books as this which we are

considering, fail of ultimate effect upon the great, moving mass of Humanity. Even the reluctant mountain-glaciers must feel the sun and send down at last their living active water to feed the "lilies of the field." So of the hearts frozen in the ancient *mer de glace* of prejudice and opinion. The light will have its effect; the world will yet be gladdened in all its veins by their contributions to the growth and beauty of its coming Summer. And we cannot doubt that Summer is at hand, while its sweetness is borne to us, like rose-scented upon the wind, by such books as "Death and the After Life."

Reader, do not fail to purchase and enjoy it. Yet we had almost said "First purchase all the previous works of Mr. Davis, and after a careful reading of them, get this too, the sweetest expression of his soul-experiences, and revel in its exquisite pictures of life in the Summer-Land."

Certainly that is the platform mankind will soon stand on; hosts are there already, jubilant with a sense of freedom, and other hosts are ascending to gain place beneath its banners of free-thought. All writings tending to this result have their use, and should have free circulation among the people. Thought has been so long buried alive in the Bastile of Theology, that we shall have joy the noise and conflict of the revolution that shall destroy it, and we had almost said, slay the jailors thereof. Let us not vindictive however—but spare the wrong-doers and wrong-thinkers, while we denounce and demolish the wrong.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1869.

Written for The Universe.
SPIRITUALISTS' STATE CONVENTION OF KANSAS.

The third annual Convention of the Spiritualists of Kansas, met at Topeka, Oct. 1st, pursuant to call. President F. L. Crane, in the chair.

On motion Mr. E. E. Barnum was chosen Secretary *pro tem.* After an invocation by M. E. Taylor, the President delivered an address of welcome. The Secretary was instructed to furnish the same for publication.

On motion the chair appointed a committee of three on credentials. The treasurer's report was submitted and adopted. The chair appointed a committee on business and also one on finance. A committee of three was chosen on by-laws. The report of the committee on credentials was accepted and adopted. A committee of four was appointed on resolutions. After short addresses the convention adjourned until evening.

Evening Session.—Meeting called to order by the President. After music by the choir and an invocation by Mrs. Thomas, the convention listened to short addresses from different speakers. Music by the choir. Adjourned to meet to-morrow at 10 A. M.

Morning Session.—Convention called to order by the President. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved. Report of the committee on by-laws was accepted. The adoption of the same was deferred until the next meeting. A committee of three on nomination of officers for the ensuing year was chosen. Adjourned until 12 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Convention assembled according to adjournment. Report of the committee on by-laws, presented at the last session, was adopted after much discussion. Report of the committee on nominations was accepted.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz: President, F. L. Crane of Topeka; Vice Presidents: O. H. Wellington of Ottawa County, Mrs. E. B. Danforth of Lawrence and H. Taylor of Johnson County; Treasurer, Samuel Hall of Topeka; Secretary, Miss Jennie Crowe of Topeka.

The Committee on Resolutions offered the following which were separately considered and adopted:

WHEREAS, It is apparent that there are spirits who assume to be teachers, whose religious, moral and intellectual status is inferior to that of the medium whom they seek to teach, therefore,

Be it resolved, That justice to the spirits and the medium, and to the cause of spiritualism in general, requires that those spirits should be kindly, but firmly, admonished to take the position of scholars rather than that of teachers. That it is the sacred duty of all the friends of Spiritualism to guard their children against the stultifying and demoralizing tendency of all theology, and to inspire them with more rational and practical ideas of God and immortality. That the evident progress of the human mind in all things in this life, both practical and intellectual, virtually denies and disapproves the doctrine that "as the tree falls so it lies." That the boudage of creeds, and a requirement of the performance of certain religious rites and ceremonies, is mental and spiritual slavery, and the greatest impediment to human progress. That as order is one of the highest laws of the universe, and organization indispensable to development, we do most earnestly recommend to Spiritualists, everywhere, to organize into associations, not of creed-bound or radical character, but for mutual protection, growth, representation and financial order.

Resolved, That the ministration of Angels and spirits has been a favorite *Idea* in all ages of the world, but that it was never fully actualized until the advent of modern spiritualism.

Resolved, That the people of this world are incapable of elaborating a true philosophy, or a national religion without assistance from the Spirit world.

Resolved, That we perceive in the teaching of spirits a system of philosophy that, when accepted by the world, will go far to establish "peace on earth, good will to all men."

Resolved, That the rights of minorities are in no wise compromised by the acts of majorities, and therefore all resolutions of this Convention embodying a declaration of principles or purposes, are to be interpreted as responsible opinions of those only who vote in the affirmative.

Resolved, That we recognize the necessity of the entire separation of religious creeds from political organizations, and that we will oppose by our voices and our votes the engrafting upon the Constitution of these United States the recognition of any particular God, Bible or Savior, and that all attempts to do this by any convention or ecclesiastical combination should be denounced by every lover of religious liberty.

Resolved, That Spiritualism is a religious eclecticism, embracing universal truth; that it includes all the facts and phenomena of Nature, and interprets them to human consciousness; that, as a demonstration, it takes away the fear of death, adds new significance to this present life, and presents to the world the only system of religion compatible with the facts of human history and the principles of science.

Resolved, That all punishment for crime which does not aim at the security of society, reparation for the injury done, and reformation of the criminal, is wrong in principle and pernicious in practice; hence the death penalty, being destructive of each of these ends, should be abolished, and houses of correction and hospitals, instead of prisons, should be established for those unable to govern themselves.

Resolved, That the age demands the individualization of woman, politically, religiously and socially; and therefore demands her thorough and practical enfranchisement.

Resolved, That the property owned by all ecclesiastical and other associations should be taxed the same as that of individuals—*i.e.*, to prevent the establishment of an untaxed monopoly, which may hereafter overthrow the institutions of the country, and prove, as in times past, destructive to civil and religious freedom.

The following additional resolution was also, after much discussion, adopted:

Resolved, That the refusal of the ministers of the various churches to meet us in open honest discussion, is proof of the weakness of their cause.

Adjourned until 7 P. M.

Evening Session.—Convention reassembled. After music by the choir and an invocation by Mr. Danforth, Mrs. Danforth spoke, in a trance-condition, followed by Mr. M. E. Taylor. Report of the State Missionary, M. E. Taylor, was submitted and adopted. Adjourned to meet to-morrow at 10 A. M.

Morning Session. President in the chair.

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Evening Session.—Large audience was in attendance. M. E. Taylor delivered an address followed by Mrs. Thomas.

Monday Oct. 4th. A Conference-meeting was held in the Senate Chamber at 10 A. M. Adjourned sine die.

JENNIE CROWE, Secretary.
Topeka, Kan.

Written for The Universe.

WHAT EFFECT FROM THE "ABOLITION OF MARRIAGE?"

BY AUSTIN KENT.

A. W. Pool demurs at the idea of the abolition of marriage, and asks: "Shall men and women be governed as the brute creation are by the law of passionnal attraction?"

Let me tell Bro. Pool that those who are the first to advocate the abolition of marriage, are generally those who believe man is entirely superior to the brutes, and that, in freedom, he will soon come to be governed by those whose living depends upon a demand for their labor.

Though the earth teems with annual harvests, and the hands of labor produce an abundance of every convenience and luxury of life; yet, under the baneful influence of a defective system of Government, which fails to protect its citizens in the enjoyment of their equal and natural right to the soil, and an Ishmaelitish system of commerce and industry, which regards LAND, as well as products, an article of traffic and monopoly—Society is divided into Landlords and Tenants, Capitalists and Laborers, Rich and Poor; and conditions of anxiety and antagonism are engendered, which poison every sphere of life.

After a careful investigation of the causes of political and social evils, we are constrained to believe that they are the legitimate effects of an anti-democratic feature in government, and an antagonistic system of commerce and industry. Therefore, to expect a prosperous condition of affairs by a mere change of officers, the exposure of fraud, or the denunciation of crime, while the present system remains unchanged, is to expect results contrary to the nature of things; for the opportunities, open to our public officers, to acquire wealth by an abuse of the power reposed in them, and the fabulous fortunes, often realized through the legalized methods of fraud, prove too great a temptation for frail human nature to resist. Therefore, when a reform has to be undertaken, (to be successful) it must be supported by the people that feel oppressed; and as they are largely in the majority, they have the power, to speedily and peacefully change the principles upon which society rests.

As a matter of fact, we find many races of animals, in their conjugal action, more just, if not more rational, than man. Let us reach their refinement, good order and good manners, before we refer to them to illustrate degradation.

The goose is polygamic, but more just than any race of man polygamists I ever read of. Seldom, if ever, does a gander take a second goose while there is a single gander in the flock. Adultery is a most rare occurrence. The abuse of a female by a male is uncommon.

If Bro. Pool is in search of pure conjugal monogamy, he will find it, not among men—seldom—but in the fox, and other brutes.

Many races of animals are more or less omnigamic. As Mr. P. has referred to the brute, let me ask him for the evidence that the omnigamic brutes are a lower species than the more monogamous?

Our friend tells us the dreaded coming change will not effect the happy relation existing between himself and Mrs. Pool. The

same is true of nineteen in twenty of the conservative couples living within five miles of where I live. Mrs. Kent and myself abolished our marriage nearly thirty years ago. It did us no harm. I gave her back her head, her individuality, and her promise to "obey." She took Truth for her head, and left me the same. She often finds that Truth in me. I, perhaps as often, find it in her. We think love is better than law; and law is not the best promoter of love.

Friend Pool! if God created man for the exclusively dual order in conjugal relations—

you think He did—then freedom will, most assuredly, result in that order. If man was not created for that order, freedom will bring about a different order, and you ought cheerfully, if not joyfully, to accept it. If God is the author of monogamy, the idea that man can never be trusted in freedom, is—to put the thing mildly—no credit to Him. If love cannot regulate our world, our case is most hopeless. Law will never do it.

Stockholm, N. Y.

CHEERING WORDS FROM W. S. M.

To the Editor of The Universe.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the success and prosperity of your noble and outspoken Journal, THE UNIVERSE. Would it could be sown broadcast all over the land, and its wholesome truth be more diffused among the creed-bound of all denominations; and I predict that there would then be a quaking amid the old fossil dry bones of the age. Your paper is the only one in the country that has the moral courage to publish such letters as that of Mrs. Judge Knowlton, stating facts in such strong terms as not to be misunderstood. I bid her God-speed in her noble efforts to show the evils of the marriage law in its most horrible and damning phase. Mrs. Knowlton has, in the person of —, found another advocate; may she still keep on in the same manner, until the ranks swell to thousands. The marriage law as it now exists, is a disgrace to the enlightened people of America; but so long as true men and women hold back from giving utterance to their highest and purest thoughts, just so long will lust, legally protected, prevail. Then up, reformers! be ye Spiritualists, Infidels, or by whatsoever name ye may be called, up, and for the right! The truth is mighty and shall prevail.

If the veil to-day could be lifted up,—what heart-rending scenes of licentiousness in its most degrading aspect! crushing out of existence all the high and holy attributes of woman, while man, in his power, is permitted, by law and society, to ravish the innocent, confiding, and trusting woman, who, in her supreme love and confidence in the object of her soul's adoration, conceives it impossible that he should do wrong. But she soon awakes to her real condition, and finds her wrongs irretrievable; while her destroyer is at liberty, (not unlike the lion in a certain book,) still to seek whom he may devour. The signs are propitious; perverse then in their works, so nobly begun; and the angels in their will reward you for thus doing.

The following additional resolution was also, after much discussion, adopted:

Resolved, That the refusal of the ministers of the various churches to meet us in open honest discussion, is proof of the weakness of their cause.

A NEW DEMOCRACY!—"POLITICAL COMMONWEALTH."

Citizens of America!

The age in which we live is pregnant with great Political and Social Problems, which are forcing themselves upon us for solution; and as we are more favorably circumstanced than other nations, the duty rests with us of experimenting in the science of Sociology, until the hallowed object of perfecting human government is accomplished.

Though, thus far, our efforts have not been crowned with the degree of success that was anticipated, and formidable obstacles still remain to be overcome, let us not relax, but rather redouble our efforts to stay the swelling tide of corruption and strife, and inaugurate an era of Virtue and Peace.

The gigantic proportions of speculation and fraud, developing in political circles, and the increase of crime and inequality throughout the Land, is mortifying to us as a people; and as the scheming speculators and legalized monopolists are growing richer and the useful classes poorer, a crisis will soon be reached, most fearful to contemplate, unless measures are speedily devised to arrest the evil.

We live upon a land flowing with milk and honey, yet gaunt poverty sweeps over society, spreading distress, disease and premature death. Mammoth storehouses are filled to repletion with the products of industry, while thousands of producers famish for want of bread. Dense forests and rank grass cover millions of fertile acres, while homeless anxious laborers loiter in the market for the privilege of toil.

The development of labor-saving machinery marvelously increases the power to produce wealth, which should lighten the burden of the workman, and advance the prosperity of society at large; whereas it is swerved from a true and healthy course, and enters into harmful competition with those whose living depends upon a demand for their labor.

Though the earth teems with annual harvests, and the hands of labor produce an abundance of every convenience and luxury of life; yet, under the baneful influence of a defective system of Government, which fails to protect its citizens in the enjoyment of their equal and natural right to the soil, and an Ishmaelitish system of commerce and industry, which regards LAND, as well as products, an article of traffic and monopoly—Society is divided into Landlords and Tenants, Capitalists and Laborers, Rich and Poor; and conditions of anxiety and antagonism are engendered, which poison every sphere of life.

After a careful investigation of the causes of political and social evils, we are constrained to believe that they are the legitimate effects of an anti-democratic feature in government, and an antagonistic system of commerce and industry. Therefore, to expect a prosperous condition of affairs by a mere change of officers, the exposure of fraud, or the denunciation of crime, while the present system remains unchanged, is to expect results contrary to the nature of things; for the opportunities, open to our public officers, to acquire wealth by an abuse of the power reposed in them, and the fabulous fortunes, often realized through the legalized methods of fraud, prove too great a temptation for frail human nature to resist. Therefore, when a reform has to be undertaken, (to be successful) it must be supported by the people that feel oppressed; and as they are largely in the majority, they have the power, to speedily and peacefully change the principles upon which society rests.

The necessity of a thorough change is manifest, and numerous are the plans proposed, and efforts made to mitigate the evils complained of. But mitigation is not enough. We believe the time has passed for fragmentary propositions of reform to awaken any considerable degree of enthusiasm in the people, or be of any permanent value to society, if accomplished. Though the efforts to extend the right of suffrage, the formation of Trade Societies, Protective Unions, Strikes for more equitable terms of time or wages, etc., are praiseworthy manifestations of the right spirit, and have been, and still are, valuable as a means of education; yet, to arrest the further growth of fraud, and remove the monster evils, there is need of a more comprehensive scheme than any of those hitherto proposed; one that shall conserve the best interest of every useful class and calling, and unite their scattered forces into one consolidated army of progress. To realize the necessary reform, and place the future developments of society upon an harmonious upward grade, the government and industry of the country should be reconstructed upon the principles of natural right, political equality, and mutual protection; and there are two methods by which this may be accomplished: the most speedy one is by political action, and the other is by the organization of labor upon the basis of mutual interest.

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OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."
THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

(The following pronouncement, issued by THE CHICAGOAN in February last, as its "platform" on the Woman Question, has received emphatic commendation, as indicating the fundamental principles embodied in the present efforts for social reorganization. We have been repeatedly requested to keep it before our readers, as the central ground upon which those aiming to remove social wrongs can gather, and as presenting the true basis on which the new social structure must be reared.)

We are on the threshold of a new era, the introduction of which will be marked with a revolution more radical than has ever before been known in the world's history. Systems which have grown hoary with the centuries, enshrined in the holy garb of ecclesiastical authority and sanction, accepted with unquestioning reverence by the race, and almost entirely interwoven into the whole social, religious and political fabric, are now being assaulted with fierce, unflinching criticism by thinking and practical men and women of these latter days. These systems are denounced as holding one-half of the race in a bondage more despicable and degrading than that which has characterized any other of the slaveries which man has selfishly maintained since the fabled expulsion from Eden.

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disseverance of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inherit in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the abolition of numerous usages and fashions that foster and feed man's passions, until they have control of his being, requiring the continuous sacrifice of woman on the altar of lust. It means that the selection of companions in the most sacred relation of the sexes shall not be the exclusive prerogative of man, if, indeed, as physiological laws and comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

Such is the ultimate of the present movement in behalf of Woman, and only to this will it come at last. Whether it will be sooner or later, depends upon the wisdom, the courage, and the strength of its advocates. It is plain that, unassisted, Woman cannot speedily accomplish the work. Repressed and dwarfed by false teachings and worse customs, through the ages, it is wonderful that she should have wisdom, courage or strength, even to take an humble part, much more to inaugurate the grand work of reinstatement in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is untutored in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the influence of every wind of false doctrine, and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive or, at least, only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no hallowed words, nor equivocal phrases, to win the favor and assistance of men who, otherwise, would spurn them. By demanding all, they will get more, than by asking only half of that which they know they should have. The sooner the issue is joined and the position of the respective parties in this "irrepressible conflict" is clearly and fully understood, the sooner will the grand triumph be accomplished—for triumph will surely come, though the struggle may be, at the best, bitter and protracted.

On this platform does the *Chicagoan* [now THE UNIVERSE] advocate the cause of woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved,—that, in the granting of "woman suffrage"—to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system in violation as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this.

The Grover & Baker Machines are deservedly popular throughout the world, as the best adapted to all family uses. The cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker First Premium Elastic-Stitch Sewing Machines. The points of excellence claimed for the Grover & Baker are as follows:

Mitchell's New General Atlas.
A copy of Mitchell's General Atlas should be possessed by every family for reference. As a practical educator it is scarcely less useful than Webster's Dictionary. It is sold only by subscription through canvassing agents, but we have succeeded in making arrangements to supply it as thus doing good, it is right that one should be compensated. Many wonder how we can give such seemingly extravagant premiums. By contracting for large amounts, we are enabled to buy in some cases even at less than wholesale prices, and often pay a part of that in advertising, and we arrange our offers according to what the articles cost us; hence, we often give premiums nearly equal in value to the whole amount we receive for the subscription. There is no deception—the premiums offered are the best of their kind—exactly what they are represented, and are rated at their actual prices in Chicago, which are often lower than the same are sold elsewhere, in distant places by smaller dealers.

It will be seen that premiums are given for clubs of all sizes, so none work on uncertainties. If a club is started for a large premium, and not enough names are secured, a smaller one can be ordered. Don't delay your work; commence operations without delay, before canvassers for other papers have gone over the ground. It is not necessary to wait until your club is full—till you have enough for the premium desired. Send in the subscribers' names as fast as they are secured, so they will not have to wait for their papers. You can send money by draft, P. O. order, in registered letters, or by Express at our risk, and, in amounts of not less than \$10 at a time, at our expense. Keep an account of names sent, money, and all particulars, to refer to in case of error. A special inducement we offer is, that we give a proportional credit toward any premium for the names that you get, so that if you get only three-fourths or one-half the number required, you will be entitled to three-fourths or one-half your premium, and can have it by paying the other one fourth or one-half in cash. If you do not wish the article yourself, you can do a good thing by selling them, which you can easily do, as they are all of genuine value. The list, as given in our table, elsewhere, gives the actual retail value of each article and the number of yearly subscribers required at \$2.50 each.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PREMIUMS.
We add a description—necessarily brief—of a few of our principal Premiums. That the articles are of first class quality in every respect, may be relied on. We will give further particulars concerning any particular item, to any one desiring; pamphlets or circulars may be sent to the manufacturers or dealers in the respective articles.

Grover and Baker Sewing Machines.
We are pleased to be able to continue the offer of the Grover & Baker First Premium Elastic-Stitch Sewing Machines. The points of excellence claimed for the Grover & Baker are as follows:

Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch.
Perfection and Simplicity of Machinery.
Using both Threads Directly from the Spools.
No fastening of Seams by Hand, and no Waste of Thread.
Wide range of Application, without Change of Adjustment.
The Seat retains its Beauty and Firmness after Washing and Ironing.

Beside doing all kinds of work done by other Sewing Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and Ornamental Work.

The Grover & Baker Machines are deservedly popular throughout the world, as the best adapted to all family uses. The cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker at the Paris World's Exposition of 1867. The company manufacture a Shuttle or Loop-Stitch Machine, also, and those who do not like the Elastic stitch can have that instead.

Gold and Silver Watches.
We offer a number of styles of Watches, from which the wants of any one may be suited, including the National (or Elgin), manufactured at Elgin, Ill., the American (or Waltham,) and Imported (Geneva). The numerous watches we have given for premiums during the past two years are the best recommendation for their quality and superiority.

We offer two styles of the American Watches manufactured by the American Watch Co., at Waltham, Mass. We have arranged with the Company for a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, and a Silver Watch to be expressly manufactured for us. The former will be an elegant piece, full jeweled, in 18 carat "hunting" case; the silver watch will be jeweled, with chronometer balance in "hunting" case of pure coin silver. Both will be warranted as made in the best manner of the best materials.

Musical Instruments.
The goods offered in this line are superior in all respects, and are guaranteed to be exactly as represented in all respects. They will be selected and shipped under the superintendence of a gentleman who has had many years experience as a musical dealer.

Silver-Plated Goods and Jewelry.
The articles offered in this line are furnished us by the well-known house of Giles Bros. & Co., 142 Lake st., Chicago. They are A No. 1 goods, and guaranteed to be such. The prices attached to the respective articles are the actual retail prices at which they are sold in Chicago.

Prang's Chromo-Lithographs.
These are the finest and most popular articles in the art line, next to oil paintings. They very closely resemble the best paintings. We append a list of a few of the more attractive pictures, with prices of each, from which selections may be made to amount of value given in Premium List:

Cherries and Basket—from V. Granbery; a very fine picture.....\$7.00
Strawberries and Basket—a companion to the above and equally beautiful.....\$7.50
Early Autumn on Elysian Creek—A fine land-scape from a painting by A. T. Bricher.....\$6.00

foot-pounds. According to the above estimate of the size and velocity of the stream, 5,713,680,000 cubic feet of water are conveyed from the gulf per hour, or 133,816,320,000,000 cubic feet daily. Consequently, the total quantity of heat transferred from the equatorial regions per day by the stream, amounts to 154,950,300,000,000,000 foot-pounds. From observations made by Sir John Aerchel and by M. Pouillet on the direct heat of the sun, it is found that were no heat absorbed by the atmosphere, about 83 foot-pounds per second would fall upon a square foot of surface placed at right angles to the sun's rays. Mr. Meech estimates that the quantity of heat cut off by the atmosphere is equal to about 22 per cent of the total amount received from the sun. M. Pouillet estimates the loss at 24 per cent. Taking the former estimate, 64,744 foot-pounds per second will therefore be the quantity of heat falling on a square foot of the earth's surface when the sun is in the zenith. And were the sun to remain stationary in the zenith for twelve hours, 2,766,768 foot-pounds would fall upon

Late Autumn in the White Mountains—A companion to the above, by the same artist.....6.00
Ground Chickens—A copy of an oil painting by A. B. P.....5.00

Group of Ducklings—A companion picture to the above, from the same artist.....5.00

Group of Quails—Companion to the above, one of the most attractive of Mr. Tal's works.....5.00

The Poultry Yard—After an oil painting by E. the celebrated French fowlpainter; one of his best compositions.....5.00

Under the Apple Tree—Companion pictures of Rest by the roadside; 5 the fowl paintings, by Niles, representing scenes in child-life.....(\$3.50 each).....5.00

Barefoot Boy.....5.00

Poultry Life A / Companion pictures in miniature; Barefoot Boy, from E. Lemmens. Price per pair.....4.50

HALF CHROMOS.

These are of equal size and execution to the full chromos, but worked with a less massive plates, and consequently, not quite their equal in fine richness.

Morning—A superb cattle piece, after Rosa Bonheur's Morning in the Highlands.....\$6.00

Evening—A companion to the above, after Rosa Bonheur's Beuf Britons.....5.00

Two Sheep—A picture of a sheep and her two lambs resting; a copy of a painting by Scotch Terrier and Puppy—A picture.....2.00

Poultry of the World.....2.00

May Flowers—After water color painting.....1.00

Apple Blossom—Companion to the above.....1.00

Splendid Offers

TO
LECTURERS AND OTHERS
FOR
PROCURING SUBSCRIBERS
FOR

The Universe!

How to Procure Watches, Books, Sewing Machines, Works of Art, Silver and Plated Ware, Gold Pens, etc., etc., at Little Outlay of Time and Influence!

No Flash Goods—Articles of Substantial Value—Warranted as Represented!

We believe in paying handsomely those who can give their time in aiding to extend the circulation of a paper. Of course it is a good work—that of introducing good papers where they have not before been taken. But in addition to the satisfaction of thus doing good, it is right that one should be compensated. Many wonder how we can give such seemingly extravagant premiums. By contracting for large amounts, we are enabled to buy in some cases even at less than wholesale prices, and often pay a part of that in advertising, and we arrange our offers according to what the articles cost us; hence, we often give premiums nearly equal in value to the whole amount we receive for the subscription. There is no deception—the premiums offered are the best of their kind—exactly what they are represented, and are rated at their actual retail prices in Chicago, which are often lower than the same are sold elsewhere, in distant places by smaller dealers.

These instruments have just been added to our list, and are not only useful, but of great interest to all. The \$8 and \$10 compound microscopes have each three lenses, magnifying 50, 75 and 100 times, the \$10 instrument including in addition a condensing lens. The instruments are first-class, as sold by J. G. LANGHUR, Jr., Optician, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, from whom we also purchase the barometers.

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Our Other Premiums.
An invaluable prize is offered in "Appleton's American Cyclopedia," consisting of sixteen large octavo volumes, averaging 800 double-column pages to each volume, presenting a panoramic view of all human knowledge—a complete library itself.

Another most desirable prize is the *Quarto Family Bible*. It is a large quarto, in full gilt morocco (black or red, as preferred), and includes the Apocrypha and Concordance, Record, etc.

The Oeograph, or Chromo of the celebrated painting, "Mamma in Heaven," is a beautiful picture.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is the most popular and largely sold Wringer manufactured. It is durable, having cog-wheels, and is fully warranted.

A NEW BOOK JUST FROM THE PRESS.

TALE OF A PHYSICIAN;

OR

The Seeds and Fruits of Crime.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

A wonderfully interesting book. Society is unrolled. Picturesque histories and the great crimes caused by circumstances are brought to light. Mr. Davis has, after twenty years fulfilling his promise, (See his sketch of a night visit to a CATZ on Long Island, detailed in "THE INNER LIFE.")

In this volume the reader is introduced to distinguished men and noted women in New Orleans, Canada, and New York. The startling trials and tragic events of their lives are truthfully recorded.

This book is attractive as the most thrilling romance, and yet is expressive, producing scenes of murder, suicide, fanaticism, infidelity, and the other nameless evils which afflict society, and alarm all the friends of humanity. It is, therefore, a good book for everybody. It will have a very extensive sale.

Price \$1.00.

H. N. F. LEWIS, Publisher "Universe," 113 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

JUST ISSUED.

The Seats retain its Beauty and Firmness after Washing and Ironing.

Beside doing all kinds of work done by other Sewing Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and Ornamental Work.

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THE PHYSICS OF THE GULF STREAM.

Mr. James Croll, who has just published some papers on this subject, speculates in the following manner as to the stream, as a heating medium: The total quantity of water, he says, conveyed by this stream, is probably equal to a stream fifty miles broad and 4,000 feet deep, flowing at the rate of four miles an hour. And the mean temperature of the entire mass of moving water is not under 65 degrees at the moment of leaving the Gulf. I think we are warranted to conclude that the Gulf Stream, before it returns from its Northern journey, is on an average cooled down to at least 40 degrees, because it loses 25 degrees of heat. Each cubic foot of water, therefore, in this case, carries from the tropics for distribution upwards of 1,400 units of heat, or 1,158,000

foot-pounds. According to the above estimate of the size and velocity of the stream, 5,713,680,000 cubic feet of water are conveyed from the gulf per hour, or 133,816,320,000 cubic feet daily. Consequently, the total quantity of heat transferred from the equatorial regions per day by the stream, amounts to 154,950,300,000,000 foot-pounds. From observations made by Sir John Aerchel and by M. Pouillet on the direct heat of the sun, it is found that were no heat absorbed by the atmosphere, about 83 foot-pounds per second would fall upon a square foot of surface placed at right angles to the sun's rays. Mr. Meech estimates that the quantity of heat cut off by the atmosphere is equal to about 22 per cent of the total amount received from the sun. M. Pouillet estimates the loss at 24 per cent. Taking the former estimate, 64,744 foot-pounds per second will therefore be the quantity of heat falling on a square foot of the earth's surface when the sun is in the zenith. And were the sun to remain stationary in the zenith for twelve hours, 2,766,768 foot-pounds would fall upon

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THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1869.

Written for The Universe.
A SOUL'S DESPAIR.

BY M. B.

Hark to the shrieking West wind,
To the tide-bell's solemn toll!
The devils in hell are merry,
Over a sinking soul;
Over a broken spirit,
Over a heart's despair:
High are the gods above us,
Who shall succor or care?

The scornful lips of the mocker,
May scoff forever in vain;
Nothing shall give me sorrow,
Nothing shall give me pain;
My heart is dead with anguish,
And shame to bear and to be;
If only I was dead
At rest in the silent sea!

Must I live, must I live forever?
Must I bear, for a million years,
This desperate curse of sorrow,
This burning passion of tears?
This piti^b beggarly portion —
Unworthy of life the name;
If only this scoria would kill me
This hate, and scorn, and shame!

Hark to the wailing West wind,
To the tide-bell's solemn toll!
The devils in hell are merry,
Over a sinking soul;
Over a broken spirit,
Over a heart's despair:
High are the gods above us,
Who shall succor or care?

Chicago, Ill.

Written for The Universe.

WAIF.

BY G. F. GILBERT.

(Concluded from first page of this issue.)

Daddy's fertile brain was perpetually devising new ways and means of earning more, and earning faster, and had grown so active, that it scarcely allowed him time to sleep. Sanguine of complete success, he was jubilant from the very first. But, somehow, after the first flash of joy, a gloom crept in upon Sammy, like a cloud and chill on summer air, which darkened the radiant prospect, and deepened, as time went on, a sense of loss and distance, which grew so over-powering, at times, that in pauses of his work he would creep to the sea-shore, when he could do so unobserved, and, with streaming eyes, stretch his arms over the dreary waste of water, with hopeless, impassioned longing. It was only at times, that this vague feeling grew so painful and intense; it hung over him, for the most part, with a dim, shadowy, haunting dread, which made him restless and watchful, fearful of some disastrous circumstance that would frustrate their precious scheme. Each night he breathed a sigh of relief; "One day more" he would say to himself, "one day nearer" and yet, nothing has happened. So the days lengthened into weeks, until the one, set to end their work, had come; that night's offering was to be their last; that evening Daddy was to borrow from his friend all that was needed to complete the sum, and the money was to be on the way to his mother, the very next day.

With the time so near at hand, hope took courage, and vague fear, and shadowy dread vanished out of sight. This day had been fraught with such brilliant success in the monied line, that it had crowned all the others, fortunate as they had been. Though the crowd had been no greater than usual, some irresistible magnetism had seemed all day to draw customers to his stand, and the net result was wonderful. Counting his money over, Sammy grew jubilant.

"There never was such luck," he chuckled, "What will Daddy say? Mother is as good as here, already."

He started home in the twilight; there was no need for working over hours that night. He said to himself over and over, as he went along, "What will Daddy say?" But there was no Daddy waiting for him, at the especial corner where they usually met; no Daddy at any one of the various points on the way, where, failing of those before it, he had waited; no Daddy hid in the deep shadows of the door-way, when he reached it, suddenly and facetiously pouncing upon him, which pleased his spirits had risen so high as to indulge in occasionally, since the prison-key had turned on the dread of his life. The fear, that had dawned upon him, since first missing Daddy's smiling face, at every after-step of the way gathering strength and power, now deepened into dread.

He paused and listened. What an unearthly hush was on everything! How still it was! "Daddy," he softly called, "Daddy;" but no answer came. What was that fell upon him as he entered? Ah! it was the darkness of the valley, amid whose somber shadows mourning mortals, bowed and weeping, have sat since time began. Trembling in every limb, holding to the balustrades for support, he climbed the stairs, as well as he was able. He listened at the door, a low moan reached his ear; he tried it, it was unlocked; softly opening, he entered. The fading light shining through the window, fell upon the bed. Daddy lay upon it; blood on his face and hair; blood oozing slowly from a frightful wound in his head; if from any other wound, he never thought to look.

How long since it had been given him? How many hours since, faint with loss of blood and mortal weakness, he had staggered to his home and crept to his bed to die, Sam my did not know—he never knew; Daddy was too far gone to tell him; and he, at first, could only cry and wring his hands, and cling desparingly to his only friend—his noble, little protector who, he felt, was going fast.

Then with a glance at the deathly face, and an agonizing consciousness, that he was past all need of it, he started to go for help; but the deplorable, heart-broken cry of his adopted—the shower of tears that fell on the half-unconscious face, brought back Daddy's wandering wits; he feebly put his hand upon his arm to stay him.

"No use," he said, "no use. Stay by me, for a little, Sonny; and lay your hand upon my head; it stops the ache, it do."

Did she do it?" Sammy tremulously queried, soothing the bruised head with his hand.

Daddy nodded. "Poor Critter!" he said; and soothed by the touch, he was sinking into the same half-unconscious state; but Sammy's tears that were falling on his face, aroused him, for a little.

"Don't cry, Sonny," he feebly said. "I've done the best I could, in a general way, and He won't go back on a feller for what he didn't know; up there, somewhere, there's a good place for me."

He lay resting, for a moment, then, with a mighty effort, he aroused himself again; he opened his eyes and gave a parting

look of affection at his treasures,—the fruit of his brief life's toil.

"Sonny," he said, "the things are all yours!" That was his last of earth. Then the heavy eyes closed wearily; he was quite unconscious, after that, of Sammy's broken sobs, and the tears that rained upon him. He was wandering in fairer climes and other lands, it seemed. As he lay there, all the sharpness and shrewdness of the old look, faded from his features; it was a child's face again—and gradually there stole upon it a wondering, awe-struck, blissful look. He opened his dying eyes, and they were radiantly.

"Sonny," he feebly queried, "you didn't see nothin'—nothin' uncommon?"

No words after that, only broken syllables; then the lips moved without a sound, and then stopped altogether. The hard, brief life was ended.

The wretched mother, in her maulding frenzy, had given her boy his death blow, and possessed herself of the borrowed sum he was carrying; all the precious, hoarded treasure, scraped together by their joint toil and care, went to pay the debt. The meager amount brought by the sale of the furniture, was not sufficient to defray the funeral expenses, and poor Daddy was buried as a pauper.

Sammy went back to his fruit-stand with swollen eyes, and a bit of crape on his hat. In poor Daddy's lonely grave, his humble hopes lay buried. Dreams of home and mother had set in night, and what had life to offer? The little heart, weighed down by its lonely sorrow, endured no sharp agony, no fierce bitter pang of bereavement—realized nothing clearly. The past was like a mournful, half-forgotten dream; the future blank; the present, a dreary, misty state of wretchedness. The home-sickness of months; the toil of the past few weeks; the horror and desolation of these last days, had been too much for him; poor Sammy's physical system was giving way before the strain. A sharp pain, and now and then, a giddy feeling in the head, was followed by unconsciousness of his surroundings, for a brief season, which was filled with fevered imaginings of being in some other time and place; and he would say over and over, in a wild, vague way, "Two, four, six, eight," as Daddy and he had done when they counted and gloated over their little board in the evenings that would never come again. Then he would be brought back to himself by some one looking curiously at him, or asking for an orange, perhaps.

It might have been the next day, it might have been days afterward,—his vague, dreary mental state took no note of time,—when he was roused from a longer season of semi-unconsciousness by the fact, gradually forcing itself upon his dulled sense, of a greater crowd, and a greater noise than usual. A procession was parading the streets with music and banners; carriages, and wheeled vehicles of all sorts jammed together; policemen on the alert; a dense crowd—thickest where he stood. He could only see that nearest to him; one among the objects thus placed before him, attracted his attention, after a time; a carriage, and a lady seated in it, dressed in plain, quaker garb; a lady whose serene autumnal beauty, was fairer to look upon than youth's glowing charms, to eyes that read the soul.

Some fancied resemblance, in face or air, to the mother he never hoped to see again, fixed his eyes and thoughts upon her. He watched with sad, absorbed interest every move and gesture, every change of feature, even. The air was close; the dust was thick; she had been hemmed in by the crowd so long, that she was heated and tired. Looking weary about, she glanced in his direction, after a time, and pointing to an orange, beckoned him with a smile so like his mother's, that the tears sprang to his eyes.

He selected two of the finest, and brought them to her carriage door; he gave her the one she had asked for, and then, with timid hesitation, proffered the other.

"Take this, too," he said, "you look like her." She glanced at the child's wistful face, and took it.

"Who?" she asked, with a wondering look.

Tears stood in his eyes; the poor little face worked with emotion. "My mother," he said.

Her wonder changed to sympathy and interest; she took his hand, and drew him toward her.

"Poor, little boy! Is she dead?" she asked. The tone and act were too much for him. Sammy choked, and could not speak; he pointed across the water. With gaze and thought intent upon him, she was leaning from the carriage with her purse in her hand, when suddenly the crowd moved; the horses started, and she dropped it. A shrewd-faced urchin, an inch or so shorter than Sammy, seized and hid it amid his rags. Sammy quick, for once, had seen him.

"Mum's the word," said the boy, with a cunning look; "when they publish it out, and come down handsome, I shall out, cover."

Sammy rejecting the offer with disdain, and bent on rescuing the money, a struggle ensued, in which, Sammy, the larger and stronger of the two, proved victorious, and bore off the purse, in triumph, to the lady.

"What is thy name, little boy?" she questioned.

"Sammy," he replied, forgetting that he had any other.

"Sammy," said the lady, in her sweet, quaint way, "I thank thee." She opened her purse, and took out a glittering coin.

"Something for thy trouble, little boy," she said.

He looked at the money, and while he stood there hesitating whether to take it or not, a stone hurled by the vanquished, struck his head, inflicting a cruel wound upon it. The blood flowed copiously, but he made no effort to wipe it away. To her anxious inquiries he made no answer. His cheeks were burning, his eyes were wild, he looked at her vaguely.

"Two, six, — eight, — ten," he counted. "She is as good as here, already." Then he laughed deliriously, and the startled lady screamed with fright. A physician made his adopted—the shower of tears that fell on the half-unconscious face, brought back Daddy's wandering wits; he feebly put his hand upon his arm to stay him.

When he had grown sane enough to tell his story, she sent the sum required to unite child and mother, but it was too late.

After a brief season, it was returned accompanied by a few words written in a stranger's hand, telling when she had died, and where. So the kind lady who was childless, loving him, by this time, took him to herself. The poor child, more fortunate than many another waif, found an adopted home and mother in the land of his adoption. But time has taken what it gave, and Sammy the young, is now Sammy the old.

He lay resting, for a moment, then, with a mighty effort, he aroused himself again; he opened his eyes and gave a parting

look of affection at his treasures,—the fruit of his brief life's toil.

"Sonny," he said, "the things are all yours!" That was his last of earth. Then the heavy eyes closed wearily; he was quite unconscious, after that, of Sammy's broken sobs, and the tears that rained upon him. He was wandering in fairer climes and other lands, it seemed. As he lay there, all the sharpness and shrewdness of the old look, faded from his features; it was a child's face again—and gradually there stole upon it a wondering, awe-struck, blissful look. He opened his dying eyes, and they were radiantly.

OUR LETTER FROM "HELEN."

REPLY TO "A MOTHER."

MAYSVILLE, Ky., Oct. 19, 1869.

DEAR UNIVERSE:—After a very brief season at home with loved ones, I am again on the wing. In the hurry of my preparations for the "melancholy days," while at home, I had no time to read your glorious paper, which I found had accumulated in numbers since my last visit; although my fingers burned and my brains, too, for a rich reveal among its columns. But I did pull open the wrapper of the last one—stopped the sewing machine to do it—and the first article that met my eye, as I followed the pages, was the one signed "A Mother," and giving me a gentle chiding for my ideas upon that relation.

The article is good—I can take but one exception to it, which I will dilate upon in due time. First, let me state—so as to win a fair hearing, even from "A Mother"—that I know nothing about that beautiful relation except what I gain from observation and the instinct that is dominant in every woman's soul. I, alas! am not a mother; and, God judge me, I would not wish to become one upon the terms and under the conditions that most women do, who assume that great responsibility. I think "A Mother" has, however, misunderstood her, that I have ever implied that "a woman is less a woman by becoming a mother." On the contrary, I meant to have conveyed that it is the perfecting of a woman to become a mother; that she has missed one of life's sublimest lessons of life, while she remains ignorant of "baby fingers' warm touches"; but I do say, that unless the relation from whence motherhood springs, be true and in accordance with the divinity of natural law and spiritual affinity, the baby had better never be born—both for its own and its mother's sake. Now I come conveniently to the "exception" I take.

I am ignorant, I admit, of intimate knowledge of the subject I undertake to handle; but I am censored by the thought that perhaps I know as much about it as many who have gone deeper into the divine mystery than I, gone with a cloq to their feet, and blindfold, in consequence of the primary conditions not being perfect.

"A Mother"—and I must say, most mothers, also all sentimentalists, will persist in calling motherhood the most sacred relation under heaven. I can't see how mothers can do it, if they ever loved devotedly the fathers of their children. I can see why sentimentalists do it, because they don't know any better. I presume Mrs. Stowe would write a "true story" to prove the point; and Lady Byron would come out of the grave to tell it to her. Nevertheless, and despite the fact (?) of a child having once been born without a father, I cannot see how the relation of a mother is more sacred than that of wife, or why it should be of paramount consideration. Cynics would tell us it is the ultimate dotation of a woman's life, that begins with a toy, goes on through all the stages of kittens, dolls, bosom friends, boys and men until it culminates in a real live, flesh and blood baby; and there the gradation must, of necessity, end—woman's mission is performed—the love of her soul is achieved; and she has nothing else to do but devote the rest of her days to the "most sacred relation" under the sun."

In spite of all the preaching in all the pulpits, I must accept for a truth, that *wifehood* is a more sacred, more widely and nobly developing relation than *motherhood*. And when I say "wifehood," I don't mean the ordinary relation that passes current for the true and holy. When a woman—not a half-fledged girl of eighteen—becomes a wife, one with a man who appreciates her as she him, loving with an ever increasing and expanding affection, then, indeed, are two lives fused in one, to form the perfect whole; and all results to such a marriage are holy, and a source of great good to the causes. Such marriages need not bonds and chains to hold them fast; nor law to legitimate their offspring.

In my varied observation, I have seen few mothers who wore their crown gracefully, because something was wrong originally; the relation that plaited it for them is a lie and a disgrace. Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do to preach cream and practice skim-milk."

Rev. Dr. E. H. Gray, for four years the Chaplain of the United States Senate, has resigned and returned to Massachusetts.

It is considered certain in medical circles in Brussels that poor Carlotta will not outlive the present year.

A Methodist minister in Tennessee is under arrest on a charge of trying to organize a band of thieves and murderers.

Victor Hugo recently admitted to an intimate friend of his that he had no longer any good reason for staying away from France.

Hon. John P. Hale and family have arrived in Paris from Madrid, and will remain there until December. They will not revisit America present.

Mrs. Cady Stanton is writing up the women of the Bible (not including, probably, those to whom St. Paul gave the troublesome advice not to speak, etc.)

A Rhode Island deacon named Pearce, eighty years old, recently thrashed his son-in-law so soundly that a Court gave the young fellow a verdict of \$1,500.

A special premium of six silver spoons is to be given by the Salem County, N. J., Agricultural Society to a girl, under sixteen years of age, who makes the best loaf of bread.

Alexander Button, of Middletown, N. Y., raises large crops of melons every year, gives an annual melon party, and supplies the poor with all the melons they want, for nothing.

The *Revolution* suggests the establishment, at eligible points, of "Homes for Fallen Men." These men, it says, do not desire to be bad. "They are led astray by a false girl, a little paint and powder, a pretty foot, a nicely rounded form, a wink of the eye, a smile, or the flutter of a handkerchief."

The St. Crispins in Massachusetts, who have one hundred and ten lodges, with a membership of over 30,000, have made arrangements to purchase coal in Philadelphia and flour in the West, and to transport them to that State for their use. They expect to obtain these articles by this means at a very cheap rate.

The bronze statue of Jefferson, by the famous French sculptor David, which stands in front of the White House, Washington, is rapidly going to destruction. It is covered with verderigris, which is fast eating away the fine lines of the face and the roll of parchment, emblematic of the Declaration of Independence.

An evidence that ladies are getting their fair share of literary work, at least, is seen in the fact that four English magazines are now edited by ladies, while some of the best known writers of fiction are of the gentler sex. It is stated that Sir Charles Lyell and a prominent member of Parliament each employs a lady in his office.

Sir David Brewster has found that the fundamental principle of the stereoscope was known to the Greek, who compiled his "Elements" about A. D. 280; that it was distinctly described by Galen, in 1599, and that Baptista Porta, in 1599, gave such a complete picture seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, in which we recognize not only the principle, but the construction of the stereoscope.

To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take green leaves, rub them, apply to the wound, confine with a bandage. They cure as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary; but one application does the work. I have cured both man and horse in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lock-jaw. This receipt remembered and practiced, will save many valuable lives.

Dr. Lewis' plan for temperance reform: Organize at a public meeting—for example, in a town of five thousand inhabitants—a committee of fifty or one hundred women, who, through a sub-committee, will prepare an appeal from the women of the town to the dealers of intoxicating drinks. Appeal in hand, the committee will call upon each of the rum-sellers, read their earnest, womanly paper, and so pass on to

the largest India rubber mart in the world.

The Princess de Metternich is to retire from society for a little while, and is buying

Written for The Universe.

THE IPSE DIXIT OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

I notice in Sunday's Tribune of the 24th inst., that the headquarters of the *Universe*, an author, after the example of Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon, the King of Saxony and Sweden, and the Orleans Prince, has requested publication on the union of Germany, with Count Bismarck as his collabor